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L'ACADIE;

OR,

SEVEN YEARS' EXPLORATIONS

IN

BRITISH AMERICA.

BY

SIR JAMES E. ALEXANDER, K.L.S., & K. St. J.,

ON THE STAFF OF H.E. THE COMMANDER OF THE FORCES IN CANADA.

38100

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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St. Andrews' day at Kingston—The Chief MacNab—Anecdote of the North Countrie—Masonry—Saturnalia of the 93rd—Deer hunting in winter—Provent for the bush—Loughborough Lake—The hunter, Knapp—The runways—The Lake in the 'Fall'—A crafty hunter—The death of the roe—Stories of wolves—More sport—Dog Lake—Bad consequences of 'pistolling'—Camp in the snow—Horse-shoe Lake—Kill a four-year old buck—Discomforts of the runway in winter.

THE Scotchmen of Kingston have the usual procession and dinner on St. Andrews' Day; as in duty bound, I assisted as a countryman

at the latter, sitting beside a remarkable character, a Highland kinsman, the chief MacNab. The MacNab was distinguished by a very fine apearance, stout and stalwart, and he carried himself like the head of a clan. His manners, too, were particularly courtier-like, as he had seen much good society abroad, and he was above all, a warm-hearted man and a true friend. He usually dressed in a blue coat and trowsers with a 'whole acre' of MacNab tartan for a waistcoat,—at great dinners he wore a full suit of his tartan. On the jacket were large silver buttons which his ancestor wore in the 'rising' in 1745.

Before the chief 'came to his kingdom,' the family property of Kinnell, &c. had been mismanaged, and he thought it best to remove to the wilds of America with 318 of his clan. They pitched their tents on the upper Ottawa in a romantic and agreeable situation on Lake Chats, called familiarly by the Scotch 'Shaw's water,' and where at the chief's lodge a stranger was sure of a Highland welcome.

The St. Andrew's dinner passed off well; the

chair was occupied by Mr. John MacDonald, M.P.P. a very intelligent and excellent young man, who was then advancing rapidly to distinction; he is now an Honourable, an M.P.P., and Solicitor-General for Canada West. On Mr. MacDonald's right sat 'the other MacNab,' the Knight of Dundurn, speaker of the House of Assembly, distinguished by his personal appearance, and whose loyal deeds have conferred honour on the ancient name he bears.

As at the dinner at New York, so here too, a senior officer who was expected to attend and to speak failed to do so, and it fell to me to 'discourse eloquently' in answer to the toast of the Duke of Wellington and the army. Song and story followed the speeches, and a piper of the 93rd Highlanders (who, by the way wanted to draw his dirk on the landlord outside for a fancied insult) played in the room with the usual exhilarating effect, on his martial instrument. "There should never be a wall between the company and the piper," said the Chief. The MacNab then called for his bonnet which was brought him on a silver salver, and putting

it on, he delivered himself of an oration in his native Gaelic, and after a long pibroch, he drank a glass of mountain dew with the piper, who was much flattered.

Among other anecdotes then related of the beloved 'North Countrie' is one worth recording. The property of Ben Nevis is held by the proprietor binding himself to furnish at Midsummer, if required, a snow-ball from the mountain. Years ago there was a very dry summer; no snow was visible, and agents of the crown had actually arrived to take possession, when a shepherd saved the estate by bringing down from a concealed nook, sufficient snow to fill a snuff-box.

During the winter the ancient craft of masonry was promoted by the master, Lieutenant Colonel Sir Richard Bonnycastle of the Royal Engineers, and others, and at the time masonry seemed flourishing in Kingston. New Years' Day, 1844, I assisted at a sort of saturnalia which the officers of the 93rd allowed their men to hold on that day, New Years' Day being usually devoted to festivity in

Scotland, as Christmas is in England. After dinner with the officers at the mess, some of the men came and invited us to their rooms, where we found great merriment going on; while the soldiers and their wives and sweethearts were dancing lustily. The music consisted of bagpipes and fiddles. The Light Company had their room decorated with laurels, and I recognised among them a Corporal (Davis)—who had been in my own Company in the 42nd Royal Highlanders, by whom I was now entertained with abundant good-will.

The ground had long lost its verdant mantle, was hard and crisp with frost, and covered with snow; the trees deprived of their glories, extended their naked limbs into the chill air, the 'music of the groves' had ceased, and a death-like silence reigned around. But it is necessary not to succumb to the melancholy influence of a Canadian winter, and being absorbed from "drill and pipe clay" for a brief space, books also being laid aside, we made up our minds to make a break or two in the long

winter, by engaging in the healthful sport of deer hunting.

Arkwright, a hunter skilled in woodcraft, was engaged with his dogs. He brought his sleigh drawn by a pair of stout ponies, and as there is no provent in the forest homestead whither we were about to proceed, saving pork and potatoes, the sleigh was freighted with half a sheep, bread and biscuit, tea and sugar, pepper and salt, and a small barrel of beer. My brother chasseurs thus determined not to trust only to their guns for viands. Covering our nether man with buffalo robes, our upper being encased in blanket coats, or grey Canadian cloth, with the usual hood attached, and with grey or black fur caps on our heads, we disposed ourselves in couples in the sleigh, and with each his rifle between his knees, were trotted blithely away from the garrison.

With many a pleasant jest and answering laugh, we slid over the natural railroad of snow and ice, past 'clearings' and through forests mostly composed of evergreen-firs, (thus af-

fording a partial relief to the general white of the landscape), and at length reached the lake called Loughborough, and the frame dwelling of the hunter, Knapp.

It was "diverting" to observe the unloading of the sleigh. A stalwart "artillero" walking into the house with the half sheep on his shoulders, followed by the beer barrel, borne aloft by the "governor," so termed by his familiars, from attachment to his rubicund physiognomy, and a disposition entirely disposed to good fellowship; next followed an A.D.C., a prime shot, carrying "buffaloes" and a long basket, the contents of which Father Matthew ought not to be made cognizant of: the rear was brought up by rifles, and the munitions of war and of the chase.

The wiry old hunter, Knapp, with his aquiline nose and his long grey locks, his wife and sons and daughters, received us with friendly greeting, swept out a room for us, and piled up a huge fire of logs in a wide chimney. Forthwith commenced culinary preparations, slices of mutton and potatoes were

duly cooked, *item* pork, tea "drawn," mustard scientifically mixed; all the hunters aided and abetted, both in getting up and in doing justice to the feast; after which wrapping ourselves in our buffaloes, each chose what portion of the floor suited him best as to propinquity to the fire, which a small boy, a sort of forest imp, attended.

The youngest of the party who joined us at Knapp's, not yet filled out for his length, to wit, two yards, though possessing a good spirit for the chase, after donning a night-gown reaching to his ankles (unlike an old hunter who sleeps in his clothes), ensconced himself in the bunk, a long wooden box which serves for a seat by day, and, when opened out, forms a coffin-like bed by night. Having used interest with one of the damsels of the house, he had secured no less than three pillows, but which he did not long enjoy, for whilst sitting up to arrange the buffalo about his feet, his two neighbours on the floor, still "wide awake," quickly secured them, and feigned sleep, whilst he bemoaned his fate for

a while *en chemise* before the fire, his night-capped-head reaching to the Jersey frocks powder-horns, and hunting-belts which garnished the smoked rafters of our apartment.

At early dawn there was a move. Your true hunter riseth with the lark; but it was laughable to observe the twisting and turning of one or two, who had for a long time previously been accustomed to indulge in a long repose; at last, with desperate effort, they sat up, rubbing their eyes, and yawning fearfully, and doubtless cursing their folly in joining a party which chose thus to get up "in the middle of the night."

A meat breakfast was quickly cooked and despatched. Knapp and his sons mustered their dogs, and the hunters went off to place themselves in pairs, at the "runways," or tracks where the deer usually pass, and towards which they would be driven by the dogs. Knapp had lost a son, a fine young man, not long before. He was passing through the forest with a cousin behind him, in Indian file, the latter was carrying his gun on his

shoulder, holding it by the muzzle, a twig caught the trigger, and the charge of buck-shot was lodged in the groin of young Knapp, who died in great agony in a few days.

Loughborough Lake, where we now sported, is a beautiful expanse of water, twenty miles long, surrounded with fine woods, and studded with islands. A week at Loughborough in the "fall" is delightful. Then the woods put on their coats of many colours, the sugar maple displays all the shades of red—from deep crimson to bright orange; the birch and elm flaunt in yellow livery; the ash and bass-wood in sober brown; whilst the deep green of the fir tribe sets off the glories of the other sons of the forest.

The flies do not annoy in October; now is the time to take one's pleasure on the clear water, to launch the skiff or bark canoe, to bait the hook for the savoury white fish, to "still hunt" in the woods, when the wind prevents the noise of footsteps being heard on the ash leaves, or else to drive a few deer into the Lake, and there with a blow of a paddle

secure what venison is wanted for oneself and friends, and assist the farmers to get the rest for their winter's store. None should be wantonly killed. Indiscriminate slaughter of fish, flesh or fowl is quite unworthy of a genuine sportsman; humanity ought to temper his ardour in the chase, with all its exhilarating accompaniments.—

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry in good green wood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer pass by, the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing."

Though Loughborough Lake was now locked up in ice, and covered with snow, and wing of bird had ceased to be about or upon it, yet in April, when the ice disappears, in a day it would teem with life, and innumerable wild fowl would disport on its bosom.

On our way to the "runways" we were met by three "loafish" looking blades, the chief of whom was Billy Blackaby, an idle good-humoured, but cunning rogue, who neglected his farm for the chase; and whose grey

frock, trowsers and mocassins, were picturesquely ragged and torn. Supporting himself on his long gun, he said that he had met with no sport, and was going home. After a short talk in an under tone, the three trotted off, and soon after we were posted at our stations by Arkwright.

The Aide-de-camp* and myself took up our watch at a runway, indicated by the recent track of a deer on the snow, passing from north to south, among the pine and spruce trees. We walked to and fro, partly concealed behind a large hemlock, our "shooting-irons" ready at hand. Not a sound was heard in the wood, save the occasional tapping of woodpeckers, now far off, now loud and close at hand. We waited impatiently for the baying of the dogs; at last, after an hour's delay, the yelp of "Prisoner," Knapp's favourite hound, was heard. We were instantly on the alert; a few twigs broke near us, and then a fine young buck, upwards of a hundred pounds'

* Captain Elliot, 79th Highlanders.

weight, with brown sides, white belly, and bushy tail (longer and fuller than those we see in Europe), bounded towards us. He was "end on," and we fired a little too soon. He was wounded, for blood and hair on the ground showed the grazing ball, but his career was not stopped at the time. He turned to the right, and was soon out of sight among the grey trunks. We followed the blood-stained track; but Billy Blackaby, who had posted himself out of sight at a likely stand, secured the prize and quietly hauled it off, as we next day learned.

Whilst we were advising as to future proceedings, another yelp was suddenly heard, and a plump roe dashed past us within twenty yards. A fatal bullet and buckshot sped from two barrels, and she plunged forward and fell. The long hunter who was near, then rushed up and fleshed his knife in her neck, then tying her legs together, and thrusting a branch through them, we carried her to the sleigh at the edge of the forest.

We were joined by the other hunters, Captains Cater and Morris, R.A., and then after some friendly exchange of pistols (liquor flasks, but which if success is desired should be afforded, as "pistolling" assuredly unsteadies the hand, and also makes the extremities more susceptible of cold), we returned to our den at Knapp's, where we spent a merry evening with story, jest, and song.

One day, when old Knapp was looking for "a stick of timber" in the woods, he espied one of his dogs running towards him, seemingly in a fright; presently a large wolf appeared in chase, Knapp stepped at once behind a tree, and as the monster, "gaunt and grim," passed, he, with a dexterous blow of his tomahawk, disabled it in the loins, and then carried home its skin.

"Dear!" said he to me, "you're fond of boating. Well, me and my sons will go into the woods, and pick out a stick of cedar, and make you a skiff this winter, fourteen feet keel, strong and light, that will *whip* everything of

its size, pulling a pair of oars, on Lake Ontario." The craft was accordingly commissioned.

An instance of extraordinary craftiness in wolves was told me by an esteemed friend of sporting propensities, living near Quebec, Mr. G. Ryland. He was on one occasion on the wooded heights commanding a view of the picturesque Lake Memphramagog, in the eastern townships of Canada. It was near sunset, and at some distance below him was an open meadow, where a solitary deer was seen grazing; presently two wolves issued from the forest, and looked towards the deer. They seemed to be planning an attack, when, after an apparent consultation, one went off, and circling round the deer, lay down behind it; the other wolf then made an open attack, when the deer turned and fled; but as it passed the first wolf, he sprang up and fastened upon the unfortunate animal, which thus quickly perished.

My first wolf was encountered on an interesting field, the plains of Assaye in India

whilst hunting, not for wild animals at the time, but for the remains of the mango tree, shattered with ball and bullet, and near which the victor, "the Iron Duke," in that bloody and most remarkable action, for some time stood. With the assistance of the potail, or head man of the village, whose left arm had been hewn off by a Mahrattah sabre, the roots were found, and a part dug up.

Turn we from the East to "the land of the West" again.

Next day at Knapp's we had good sport—two more deer. We "built up" a fire to beware of the runways, and resorted to it after the runs, to discuss our proceedings and thaw our fingers.

The third day was not so good; Knapp got one deer, but we got none, though we remained from ten till dark, on sentry at our posts, walking to and fro, or sketching trees, &c., seated on a log. One of our hunters was disabled with a fall on his knee, by hurriedly jumping out of a sleigh, which was beginning

to go backward down a hill, when he thought it should be going up; he was sent into town on straw in the bottom of a sleigh.

Altogether, we got five deer in four days' hunting, and were away six days. We returned rather triumphantly, with the legs of our venison sticking up about us in the sleigh, and immediately cut up and divided the spoil among the messes and our friends; thus gratifying, *par la bouche*, those who had not the opportunity to assist at the sport.

During the last week of deer-shooting, the end of January, and snow lying thick on the ground, we engaged in another hunting "scrape," and this time on snow-shoes. Bailie was now our chief huntsman, and with another aide-de-camp, a royal engineer, and a Highland officer,* we "took the road," the two sleighs laden with ourselves and with provent and munitions of the chase. We slid along merrily to the music of the sleigh-bells, and felt all the

* Captain A. Balfour; Lieutenant H. Moody; Ensign R. Stewart.

exhilaration of the bracing air, while the sight was gratified by each tree and branch being crusted over with frosted silver, consequent on hard and sudden frost succeeding a damp fog.

To assist the warmth of the fur robes about our lower man, and vary our journey, a vigorous snow-ball fight was maintained between the sleighs, but which the horses did not seem either to understand or to relish.

After a drive of seventeen miles, we reached Tuttle's Place on Dog Lake. A small log-house received us, consisting of two rooms, and a porch in front to assist in keeping out the cold; around us was an amphitheatre of ridges, covered with trees. It was a quiet, sheltered spot, by the side of a forest lake. At the door, the children threw crumbs to some familiar cross-bills.

It was very interesting to notice these winter visitants from the solitudes of Hudson's Bay, and at a time too when no other bird was near. Their cross bills, which at first appear a defect, are admirably contrived for separating the scales

of the seeds of the coniferous trees, from which they usually derive their sustenance; the bill also assists in climbing.

Hearing that there was a fiddle in the neighbourhood, we commissioned it, and danced, "covering the buckle," *morè scoticè*, till it was time to turn into our buffaloes on the floor. Next morning, with three pairs of socks and mocassins, we essayed snow shoeing; and it was ludicrous to witness the mishaps of those who figured on the broad *racquettes* for the first time; at one moment, one shoe overlapping the other, the wearer would be rivetted to the spot; at the next, he would be on his knees, or prostrate on his face, among the snow. However, with a little practise of lifting the front of the shoe well up, and sliding the after part over the snow, "the trick" was found out.

A snow-shoe is an oval frame of light wood, kept open by two cross-bars and filled up with a net work of deer skin thongs; it is generally about a yard long by fifteen inches broad, and

is lightly secured across the toe and round the ankle by soft straps.

To get to our hunting-ground, we put our "traps" on a sleigh, and tramped after it through the forest, occasionally stopping to hew our way with the axe through fallen trees, when the objectionable practice of "pistolling" with pocket-flask was resorted to—*pour passer le temps.*

We took our stations at the runways; Tuttle went round the hill, barking like a dog; three does soon appeared, and one fell. It was evening, and time "to make camp" in the snow. An old tree was first felled, as "the back log" of our fire; then two crutches, seven feet out of the ground, were set up at the distance of twelve feet from each other, and on them was laid a ridge-pole; on it rested at an angle of 45° other poles, and on them were carefully disposed "hemlock feathers," or small branches of the hemlock-pine, broken off and laid like thatch on the sloping roof of our wigwam, which was open in front to the huge

fire, and closed at the sides with boughs. Lastly, the snow was shovelled away from our lair with wooden spades, formed with the axe,* and boughs were spread for our bed on the ground.

The forest around us, before dark and dreary, looked now cheerful, as the trunks caught a ruddy glow from our great fire, and the flames sparkled upwards towards the green boughs high overhead.

After our evening meal of pork, biscuit, and tea, and hearing strange tales from Nat Lake, Indian Jim, and other rough woodsmen who accompanied us, we tried to sleep. It was not easy at first, as the cold was 52° below the freezing point (20° below 0), which would rather have astonished a person fresh from the old country; at last, we all became unconscious under our buffaloes, save those who tended the fire.

In the morning, after sundry saltatory move-

* In Lower Canada, where the snow is several feet deep, the first operation in making camp in winter is digging a pit till the leaves are reached.

ments, running round the trees, and springs in the air, to supple our limbs, somewhat benumbed with the intense cold, we broke our fast by "frizzling" pieces of meat on the ends of sticks in our old Cape fashion, and as the sleigh could go no farther, we divided the baggage, and each carrying a portion (the good-humoured Sapper shouldering two thirty-five pound bags) we "made tracks" for Horse-shoe Lake.

This Lake is a fine piece of water, in the heart of the forest, with islets and rocky shores, and high trees about it; as we passed over it, a wild looking dog rose suddenly from a dark substance in the ice, it was a deer which had been run down, lying frozen and half devoured; the dog would not allow itself to be caught, but snorted defiance, and seemed an independent hunter.

We took up our position for the night in a deserted lumberer's shanty of logs, a considerable part of the roof of this small square hut being wanting, to favour the passage of the smoke. We found in it some old mocassins, a hunter's

pot and axe, and two hind quarters of deer. One of these was immediately thawed in a hole made in the ice of the lake, and roasted by means of a string hung from a beam, but during the operation, those who sat up to assist were "done brown" with the smoke, which filled the cabin, and refused to make its escape. The cold was still intense, and several had to rub snow on frost bites. Those who came for pleasure, thought "there must be some mistake!"

Next morning we crossed over the ice on the Lake, ascended, with some labour, a wooden ridge which ran along its eastern shores, and posted ourselves at intervals, near runways, indicated by our hunters, who then went to drive the deer.

The cold was so great, that it was dangerous to touch our guns with the unmittened hand, for the skin would have come off; fortunately there was no wind, so that the thick grey frieze, or blanket coats, enabled us to hold out at our stations.

I took with me a young forester to assist

in looking out; two pair of eyes (and ears) are best on these occasions. We got behind a prostrate log, and looked to our caps, a slight grating sound was heard on the snow on our right, and a fine four year old buck bounded at a hand gallop past us. He was broadside on; we levelled and fired. A bullet took effect on his neck, he stumbled forward, and, as he was struggling for life, the hunting knife put an end to his pain. The brawny Tuttle, coming up, cut branches and twisted them into withes, then tied the legs of the deer together, and placing the other end of the bush rope round his own body, he dragged him over the snow to the forest camp; from thence the sleigh carried off the game.

A young hunter of the party, a pleasant fellow and a keen sportsman, having previously seen so rapid a discharge of "pistols," and fearing the want of ammunition on the way home, had cunningly, as he thought, buried a favourite square bottle of rum in the snow near the "Wigram," but not unobserved by our new acquaintances of Dog Lake, for when he now

proceeded with glee to dig up his treasure, it was nowhere to be seen, and they all laughed!

A hunting "scrape," as it is called in these western regions, is pleasant enough when you see deer and shoot them; but when, as sometimes happens, one stands on a runway, with the thermometer considerably minus zero, for half a dozen hours without a chance of a shot, then might the exclamation of an old campaigning friend of mine be excused, "d—— the runway! I'll give anybody leave to flog me with nettles, or furze bushes, or thorn bushes, if he ever catches me on a runway again in winter. I was 'friz horrid,' could not light my pipe, pistol all fired off, and all I saw was a little bird!"

CHAPTER II.

Proposal for a great military road—General idea of New Brunswick—Author is invited to survey and explore there—Leaves Kingston—Rough journey to Montreal—A contested election—Sir Richard Jackson, K.C.B. — Line of the Military Road — Surveying parties arranged—What was to be observed on the survey—The outfit—Clothes for the forest—When tobacco is useful—Provisions—Anecdote of an assistant surgeon—The canvass sheds or half tents—Medicines for the "bush" and other stores.

THE Imperial Government having for some time desired to have a great military road of, from five to six hundred miles in length, to connect Quebec and Halifax through Canada East, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, to facilitate the passage of troops through these

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Cabotts Head
Penetanguishene
Muskoka L.
L. St Francis
Cornwall
Coteau du Lac
St Regis
Rouses Pt
L. Champlain
Indian Territory
L. Simcoe
Saguinaw Bay
R. Maitland
Goderich
CANADA
Rice L.
Belleville
KINGSTON
Bay of Quinte
Prescott
Brockville
Osgoodby
Plattsburgh
French Cr
Watertown
Cobourg
Port Hope
Amherst
Sacketts Harbour
TORONTO
Guelph
Galt
Dundas
Hamilton
LAKE ONTARIO
Niagara
Oswego
Black R.
L. George
Fort Gratiot
Sarnia
LONDON
Brantford
St Catherine
Queenston
Fort Erie
Rochester
Erie
Woodstock
St Thomas
Simcoe
Wellland Canal
Buffalo
Canal
Mohawk R.
Dover
Grand R.
Lynn R.
Detroit
St Clair
Genesee
Chatham
Sandwich
Amherstburgh
Pt Pelee
LAKE ERIE
Albany
Hudson R.
NEW YORK
UNITED STATES
J.E.A. del.
S. Hall. sculp.
London, Henry Colburn 1849.

provinces, to shorten the present distance for the mails by one hundred and fifty miles, and to open up new and vast regions for settlement, directions were sent to the Governor General of British North America from the Colonial Office, and to Colonel Holloway, commanding Royal Engineers in Canada, from the Board of Ordnance, in the beginning of 1844, to take steps for carrying this important measure into immediate execution.

The extensive country of New Brunswick, the principal portion of ancient L'Acadie, required especially to be explored through its centre. Its area is reckoned at about twenty-eight thousand square miles, and it may still be considered one vast forest, for the few settlements and its scanty population are as yet confined to the sea coast, and to the lower parts of the noble rivers which everywhere intersect its undulating surface.

Neither in England nor in Canada was much known of New Brunswick; the general idea of it was, that it was an immense expanse of dark woods, over which hung everlasting mists,

that a few fishermen inhabited the stormy coasts, which were bound up in ice for many months of the year, and that the interior was unfit for settlement. The subsequent narrative will we trust show what is the nature, and what are the capabilities of this large and unappreciated possession of England.

I had studied engineering at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, at Chatham, &c., and having done regimental duty for some years consecutively, I was again desirous to "break the line of coaches," and to obtain employment in the Royal Engineer department in Canada.

The commanding Royal Engineer had been made acquainted with my wishes, and he now paid me the compliment to ask me to undertake, with two other officers, Lieutenant J. L. A. Simmons, R. E., and Lieutenant J. Woods, 81st Regiment, the exploration and survey of the line of the proposed military road. I gladly undertook this congenial duty, though I was aware it would be attended with great difficulties, exposure, and privations, yet it was

preferable to the ordinary routine of garrison duty, and a second summer cruising about Lake Ontario. It was breaking new ground, and gratified one's ambition to assist in opening up the resources of a great region, and improving its communications. Finally, I thought it might help my promotion if the duty was faithfully and creditably performed.

In the beginning of April, I. left Kingston for Montreal, after making arrangements for the disposal of horses, furniture, &c., as it was impossible to say when I might rejoin the regiment. The journey of one hundred and eighty miles, with my family, at this inclement season of the year, was most disagreeable. We travelled in an extra, or open post-waggon, a close carriage was considered too heavy for the roads, which were now breaking up after the winter's frost.

The driver and myself walked a considerable part of the way, to relieve the exhausted horses. After thirty-six miles toiling through snow-drifts and mud, we reached Wright's Tavern, where we were put into a garret-room, with

several panes deficient in the window. We remained here (I cannot say rested) till another extra came up at 3 A.M., when we proceeded on again. We reached Brockville and Prescott, rolling and tumbling about first on frozen roads, then through soft mud, till we got to the Plat Rapids, when we stuck fast in a deep mud hole in the middle of the night. Passengers and baggage were got off the waggon to "lighten ship," and taking rails from the fences on the side of the road, we painfully hoisted the waggon out of "its slough of despond."

Plunging through snow-wreaths up to the axletrees, we reached the Cascade Rapids; here we got a dashing driver, who "did not see a lion in the path," or boggle at trifles. We sleighed across the ice of the Ottawa, which was rapidly becoming unsafe: one horse fell through, but our driver, animating the team with voice and whip, got us over, though at great risk, to Isle Perrot. Thence we proceeded to Montreal, which we reached after four days and three nights of most unpleasant travel, and

even dangerous, on account of exposure and the rotten ice; but there was no help for it, and no other means of reaching our destination.

A German who travelled the same road about this time, told me, "I go in waagon till 10 o'clock at night, it rain, den it freeze till 3 o'clock. I so stiff I could not get off de waagon, dey lift me off; I drink a tumbler of warm brandy, and go to sleep in de inn; I sleep two days, and not know it; I very nearly die."

At Montreal we found the city in all the excitement of a hotly-contested election. Messrs. Molsom and Drummond were the candidates: Conservative and Radical. The party of the latter brought into town a crowd of Irish labourers (who had no votes), from the Lachine Canal, who took possession of the ground opposite the polling booths, and entirely obstructed the Molsom voters. Neither the Mayor, the Returning-officer, nor the police, seemed to be of any use in promoting freedom of election; and no lanes were formed for voters to advance uninterruptedly to the polls. The Drummond

voters, of course, met with no hindrance, but whenever a Molsom man ventured towards the poll, "A ring! a ring!" was called, and he was immediately hustled, and the clothes ripped off him; finally, when the Conservative voters were being thrown down, and trodden under foot, the military were called out. There were two days of complete anarchy. On the second, a party of the 89th being drawn up in the Haymarket, with a couple of sentries in advance to keep their front clear, the Irish began to press upon them, after having thrown down and grossly maltreated some Molsom voters; one man was stripped entirely naked, and beaten. A charge was ordered, and one of the rioters was killed, and a few more pricked with the bayonet, all which they richly merited. The election ended, as was to be expected, in the return of Mr. Drummond.

The very estimable and distinguished Commander of the Forces, Sir Richard Jackson, showed me much attention at this time, and warmly promoted the undertaking for which I had gone to Montreal to make preparations,

under the directions of that very zealous and hardworking public officer, Colonel Holloway.

The general idea of the line of the military road was, that it should run from Halifax to the head of the Bay of Fundy, at the bend of the Petitcodiac River, thence N.W. across New Brunswick towards Boiestown, on the Miramichi, forty miles north of Fredericton, the capital, touch at the Grand Falls of the River St. John, thence, avoiding the frontier, continue by the east side of the Temisquata Lake to the Lower Rivière du Loup, and so along by the south bank of the St. Lawrence to Point Levi, opposite Quebec.

From Halifax to the Bend of the Petitcodiac, there was already a hundred and fifty miles of travelled road; one hundred and ten miles also from the Rivière du Loup to Quebec, but these post roads would eventually require to be improved, or their line shortened. Between the Petitcodiac and the Rivière du Loup, there were about three hundred miles of mountain and swamp, forest and prairie, but generally the

country was one unbroken forest, which now required to be explored and surveyed.

Lieutenant Simmons' portion of work was from the Rivière du Loup towards the Grand Falls; Lieutenant Wood's the middle portion; and it was allotted to me to proceed by Fredericton and St. John's to the bend of the Petitcodiac, and discover the best line to the N.W., and hew my way through the forest towards Boiestown, whereabouts a site for a bridge over the river Miramichi was to be determined on, and the best point of departure for a branch road to Fredericton.

Each party was to consist of one officer, one assistant surveyor, one Indian guide, and eight attendants, woodsmen or lumberers. The engineer was to precede with his Indian henchman and another man, exploring and clearing with the axe partially; two more men were to follow, blazing or cutting a large slice of bark off each tree along the proposed line, also clearing a track of six feet wide, by cutting down small trees and brush, for measuring by the chain of

sixty-six feet. The assistant surveyor, with the large circumferenter compass with sights, would mark the direction of the line (the theodolite is too delicate for this in the woods), and the second assistant and a chain-bearer would follow, carefully measuring the line, the rest of the men to carry the packs, cook, and assist generally.

On this exploration there were to be no beasts of burden, and the loads were to be carried on the men's backs. It was intended to maintain as straight a direction as possible, avoiding, as far as practicable, all steep hills and deep and rapid streams, near which the line must pass.

As a general rule, no part of the road was to be of a greater slope than one foot in twenty, which might be effected by making a *détour*, and thus turning any very steep hill, care being taken, at the same time, to keep sufficiently high so as to avoid such marshes as might probably be found at their bases. The ancient road-makers did not seem to be aware of this simple fact; that the distance round the handle

of a bucket is the same if it is held vertically or horizontally, since their practice was to go painfully straight over the tops of hills.

The new country through which the exploration was to take place, was to be carefully examined on the following points: 1st. the nature of the soil, as connected with road-making and as adapted for settling; 2nd. the nature of the timber, which latter is a good guide whereby to judge of the fertility of the soil.

The line of the road was to be carefully blazed or marked on the trees; for this purpose an axe was provided for each party, having on its poll the Board of Ordnance mark (B. O.), with the broad arrow; this would distinguish the line explored from any which might be made by lumberers and other parties traversing the woods. The distance and direction travelled were to be reported and sketched, and forwarded to the Commanding Royal Engineer, whenever opportunity offered. Vouchers for all disbursements were to be carefully made out in triplicate; the men were to be paid for six working days; no work was to be done on

Sundays; receipts were to be taken for all payments and expenses incurred; also for conveyances not furnished by the Commissariat department.

In engaging the several individuals composing the parties, the engineers were to make it perfectly understood, that in the event of bad behaviour on the part of any of the men, they were to be paid and discharged at once.

The outfit for the exploration was peculiar; first, the dress. I have always found that the best wear on the head was a grey felt hat, round topped and broad-brimmed, like a Spaniard's; for the body, a couple of red flannel shirts, and two or three pair of strong drill trowsers; for the feet, worsted socks, as also Indian leggings (as there was much swamp) of brown leather and moccassins all in one; these were fastened under the knee, over the trowsers; also, as a change, a pair of lumberer's strong, black leather half-boots, water-proofed with grease, &c. For the evening and to sleep in, a Scotch bonnet, a coarse grey coat and warm trowsers, also dry moccassins. On such a rough expedition,

and where every thing was carried on men's backs, it was only possible to shave and wash all over and change clothes once a-week.

There were also a warm waistcoat with sleeves, comforter for the neck, Canadian red sashes to gird up the loins, and enable one the better to hold out; a couple of blankets rolled up in an oil-skin bag, which, spread out, kept me from the damp ground, and into which I could also creep if the rain beat on me. I had a good gun, to throw ball or shot, a powder-horn, a hunter's tomahawk or hunter's light axe, knives in scabbards, a "tin tot" and iron spoon, fifty balls and ten pounds of shot, two pocket compasses, lines, hooks and four dozen flies, strike lights, housewife, with strong sewing materials, three large coarse towels, combs, scissors, &c., large veils, "all round the hat," and sewn up at the back of the neck for the mosquitoes and black flies.

I got for the men, who were to provide their own clothes, large blankets, three-pound axes, woollen night-caps, veils like my own, a havre-sack for a change of clothes, strike-lights, pint

tin cups, and though I do not smoke myself, I provided for my party plenty of excellent tobacco. For gentlemen to use tobacco in civilized life, is, I think, quite unnecessary, except when they are unavoidably exposed to marsh, miasma,* but on the rough expeditions on which I have been engaged, I have witnessed its good effects of an evening, when it occupies the men and keeps them quiet. It is advisable to pay all the attention possible to the men's comforts; to treat every man alike; to have no favourites; to abstain from jokes, yet promote innocent mirth and music; to provide them with something interesting to read during their leisure; to have religious exercises on Sundays; to eat the same food as the men, and sleep in the same style, in one's blanket on the ground; lastly, to allow no spirits, and, as I said, to pro-

* I must confess, that when in "the gorgeous East," I had a weakness for the delicious kaleoon, the water-pipe of Persia, but that is all past and gone, and like Bailie Jarvie, "we canna carry the Saut-market on our back."

vide them with tobacco, if they had been previously accustomed to it.

Our provisions were to consist of salt pork, because it goes a great way, a little satisfying one's appetite, particularly in the hot summer months, and it is easily carried, hard biscuit, black tea and brown sugar, pepper, salt, and mustard. I took no preserved meats, nothing in tins; the only luxury I allowed was a little bag of rice, which, as an old oriental, I liked, but which lumberers don't much fancy.

A staff assistant-surgeon, a pleasant man, and who sang a good song, came to me when I was preparing to start, and said, "I should like very much to go with you on this expedition, could you not contrive it?" I said I had no allowance made me for a medical attendant, and I was accustomed to be my own doctor, all I could do for him (and I should like his company very well, as I had no companion) would be to let him carry eighty or one hundred weight of pork or biscuit, and allow him a dollar a day, the pay of the men.

"Well, that might do," said the Doctor, "for a time, but I suppose you take with you all sorts of comforts, as pickles, preserved meats, lobsters in tins, &c."

"Pork and biscuits is the fare," I replied. The Doctor said no more; not relishing such forest diet.

To carry tents on men's backs is difficult. They are too heavy and cumbersome, and amongst trees on hot nights they obstruct the air, but as we might be exposed to heavy rains, and as it was desirable that every one should be in rude health, as the labour would be very great, it was necessary to have some protection from the weather during the night, so that we might enjoy sound sleep.

I accordingly got three sheds of striped ticking made to put up to windward, the two for the men (five men in each shed) were twelve feet long, ten broad, and seven deep, the sides were made by cutting a square of seven feet ticking diagonally, each half or right angled triangle formed a side for the shed, which was

supported on two forked poles, or "crutches," seven feet high, and a ridge pole resting on them, which, with four or five other poles, which rested slanting on the ridge pole, were cut every day, a thick layer of fir twigs, laid upside down for softness, forming the carpet of the shed. The back part of the tent was pegged to the ground, and the whole formed a half tent as it were, whilst the long wood fire was made opposite the open front. In winter, two of these sheds put face to face, with a fire between, would afford comfortable shelter. Each weighed only eight pounds, and rolled up very snug.

I wonder that sheds like these have never been used in campaigning; one man might thus carry shelter for half-a-dozen, and pikes might do for poles. My own shed was eight feet by ten, and seven deep. As at sea, so in the forest, the leader should be somewhat separated from his party; the men, too, like to be relieved from the restraint they would be otherwise under.

Our other stores were a small packet of medicines, as salts, olive oil for dysentery; ipecacuanha, tincture of rhubarb, Dover's powders (very useful in the event of a chill), plasters, bandages, &c., for outward application to injuries, and for mosquito bites and the black fly, camphorated oil. There were also a crooked knife to make axe handles, two one-inch augers to make rafts to descend rivers, two gimblets, two packing needles and twine, whetstones, a side of leather to make carrying straps for the large bags of ticking in which the provisions, &c., were stowed, lucifer matches, the chain for measuring our distances, a lamp and oil, two or three bars of soap, small tin basins, two iron tea kettles, a frying pan, a kettle containing tin plates, and horn-handled knives, forks and metal spoons.

For reading we had Bibles, some scientific works, pocket volumes of poetry, and a quantity of old magazines and reviews.

I have been thus minute in detailing the preparations for the exploration of the primeval

forest of part of ancient l'Acadie, as some information may be derived by others who may be afterwards engaged on similar undertakings.

CHAPTER III.

The Grey Nunnery—Voyageurs for the Red River—Winter discomforts—Extraordinary vitality of birds—Leave Montreal—Arrive at Quebec—Engage an Indian Henchman—Journey to the Rivière du Loup—The French habitans—The Temisquata portage—The black fly—The peabody bird—Effects of lumbering—Dreadful roads—The Little Falls—The River St. John's, New Brunswick—Settlement of boundaries—Arrive at the Grand Falls.

PREVIOUSLY to leaving Montreal, two French Canadian young ladies, the Mademoiselles de Rochblave, kindly took us over the Grey Nunnery. In this very creditable institution, the sick, aged, orphans and foundlings were carefully attended to, as well as weak-minded people. In one ward we saw a remarkable

contrast — a woman in a constant state of nervous agitation, and who, from want of sleep and her continued writhings, was worn to a skeleton, whilst opposite to her reclined in a chair, in a constant dose and stupor, a fat and florid woman. There was a want of ventilation in the establishment; this is indeed in the cold months very little attended to in Canada. One hardly ever sees a thermometer in a house to regulate the temperature, or feels a current of pure air; of this the children in the Grey Nunnery showed plainly the want, yet, with the progress of intelligence, this will no doubt ere long be remedied. What will help it materially, is the fact of hot and dry stove heat, when no water is placed on the stove for evaporation, being destructive to female beauty.

We were introduced to some nuns, who were about to undertake a long and difficult canoe voyage up the Ottawa, along the north shores of Lake Superior, &c., to establish themselves, and found a religious community at the distant Red River, in the very centre of

the North American continent. The nun who showed us from room to room was good looking and intelligent, spoke English, and whenever any question was asked, she usually commenced her answer with an emphatic "pardonne me."

The departure of Sir George Simpson and his voyageurs, about this time, in their canoes, on his annual tour as Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company's territories, is an exciting scene. The men are gay looking with their party-coloured sashes, and after prayers in the chapel and leave taking, they go off in a fleet of large canoes from Lachine, their paddles flashing in the sun, and keeping time to their wild boat songs.

We suffered a good deal in winter from cold in the wooden houses, without double windows, which we had been constrained to inhabit in Canada West. If built of green timber, they shrank and opened so as to admit the cold air. It was not pleasant to have to break the ice in the water-jug with a poker in the morning, and to thaw the loaf at the fire, slice after slice;

yet such we were often obliged to do: also to wrap the fur robes of the sleigh about one's limbs whilst reading in the evening by the fire. In Canada East we had store-houses, and suffered, in doors, less from cold.

I was once frost-bitten through both ears after visiting a sick friend, who had heated his room up to 80° in January; the change to the out-of-door temperature, 16° below 0, occasioned the mischief, and it took three months to repair it.

Connected with this subject, I now relate a very remarkable fact in the Natural History of Canada, showing the extraordinary vitality of some birds. Fifteen years ago, when Dr. MacCulloch, a very respectable physician of Montreal, resided at St. Therese, about twenty miles to the N. W. of the city, a young bird was found on the snow near a huge pine that had at the time been cut down in the dense forest. The farmer who had cut down the tree carried the bird to his house, where the Doctor saw it a few days afterwards, on the 6th of March, still only partially covered with

feathers, and from its appearance, it might be eight or ten days old. Consequently, the process of incubation must have been completed in the month of February, when Fahrenheit's thermometer was often far below zero. Unfortunately this little bird was killied by a cat a few weeks after it was formed, and its skin was too much torn to be preserved. Its plumage was of a light brown colour, and from the account given to Dr. MacCulloch of the appearance of other birds near which it was found, he thought it might be the young of the *Fringilla Linaria*, or lesser red-poll, although it had not then the characteristic red spots of the adult bird which is usually seen in flocks in that neighbourhood every winter.

I heard of the above, and got the particulars from the Doctor himself; and although what has been now stated may appear to Naturalists sufficiently marvellous, something still more extraordinary was communicated by Mr. Dease, the Arctic traveller, who resides in the vicinity of Montreal. He said that when he was stationed on the Mackenzie River, near the Arctic Circle,

one of his hunters brought him early in March the nest of four *fresh* eggs of the little black-cap, or titmouse (*Parus Articapillus*), which he had by chance found in a willow-bush, at a season when the cold in that region is often so great as to freeze mercury.

Facts such as these may not hitherto have been noticed by Naturalists, but nevertheless there is reason to think that their occurrence may not be uncommon in many parts of the northern forests of Canada; for some of the small birds winter there as early as the month of February in the condition we find the British male birds in the hatching season only. This has been observed to be the case with the cross-bill (*Curvirostra Americana.*)

This species, with some other varieties of small birds, frequent the solitary Canadian forests during winter, and find on the trees an abundant supply of their appropriate food, where the ornithologist can seldom have an opportunity of observing their habits.

Lieutenant Simmons had already gone into the woods, and had suffered great hardships

from cold. He had been directed to commence his survey whilst the ground was still covered with snow, and from getting wet and frozen he had perilled his health. Lieutenant Woods having at last joined me at Montreal, (he had been long prevented coming over from the head-quarters of his regiment at Laprairie, as the ice on the St. Lawrence was breaking up, and was very dangerous,) it was arranged we should travel together to the Grand Falls of the St. John's River, where we were to meet Lieutenant Simmons, and there concert measures for prosecuting our respective duties.

It was now necessary for me to leave my family, which was to return to Europe in H. M. ship 'Resistance,' carrying troops, for it might be a couple of years before I could rejoin them; and though the parting was a severe trial, yet it was necessary that I should proceed alone to my destination. Since that time there has been an infinitely more afflictive parting; "the great sorrow," which is so difficult to bear, has been endured; here is not the place to intrude one's griefs, yet must we ever say,

When Thou dost call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine,
Thy will be done!
Control my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now make it hard to say
Thy will be done!

Lieutenant Woods and myself now proceeded on our way to Quebec by steam. Here I reported myself to Colonel Ward, commanding Royal Engineers, and I communicated also with Colonel Eastcourt, the Boundary Commissioner, who had acquired considerable experience in the manner of conducting a survey in the bush. We got a couple of Indians from the settlement of Lorette, André and Simon Romain, to be our henchmen; two likely men, stout and able-bodied, capable of undergoing any amount of fatigue, skilful in woodcraft, and, as my man André afterwards proved, able to carry two hundred weight when necessary; the other followers were to be got in New Brunswick.

We started our people for the Rivière du

Loup, one hundred miles below Quebec, and then followed in a light waggon, crossing over to the south side of the St. Lawrence, and continuing our progress along its southern bank.

At Beaumont we broke a spring, and had to walk some distance before we could get it cobbled again. We slept at Berthier (*en bas*) at a miserable inn with double charges, a dollar each for a bed and a glass of beer; an English shilling being the present country charge for a bed. The next night, after a wet and cold May day, we slept at the River Ouelle, and on the third day we reached the Rivière du Loup.

The shores of the St. Lawrence, along which we now drove, were well cultivated, and houses continually occurring, gave a cheerful aspect to the country. About the Rivière du Sud there is a great level plain of considerable fertility. At St. Anne's, we got to a country broken and picturesque by granite cliffs rising abruptly from the surface, and which made beautiful

pictures. Here also there were the extensive buildings of a college on a rising ground, a creditable and a useful institution for this part of Canada East. As we passed along, we observed hurdles on the wet sands of the shore, arranged in parallelograms, to enclose the fish at high water. There is a porpoise fishery at the River Ouelle. The long and cheerful village of Kamouroska, fronting islands in the broad St. Lawrence, was resorted to for sea-bathing by a few families from Quebec, though the Rivière du Loup being further down, and having salter and cleaner water seems to be now more in fashion.

From Point Levi to Rivière du Loup, we were among the original French colonists, the *habitans;* the proprietors of the land which they occupied were the seigneurs who had obtained grants of it in the time of the French sovereignty in Canada; some of the censitaires or tenants paid for their lots an annual quit rent of two dollars only, with a bushel of wheat and a couple of fowls.

The habitans, dark and thin, are a contented and amiable race of people, when restless demagogues do not excite them. The men are usually clad in thick linen shirts and grey coarse cloth, manufactured by the women; the "bonnet rouge" has now given place to the "bonnet bleu" with a handsome tassel, which has a less republican air than the other. The women wear in summer printed short-gowns reaching to the middle, and blue or red petticoats with a broad-brimmed straw hat, and in winter they often wear a grey coat like the men.

The houses of wood have usually high and steep roofs painted dark red, and the walls white; inside there is very little furniture. In the more comfortable houses, besides tables and chairs, there is a coarse white and striped carpeting, made of remnants, laid on the floor in winter. The iron stove occupies a conspicuous place in the dwelling, the same stove placed in the partition of the two rooms into which the generality of houses is divided, serves to warm them and to cook in winter; but in the hot summer months the cooking is done outside,

under a shed, whilst the baking takes place in a clay oven raised on four posts in front of the house.

The habitans are all Roman Catholics, and the churches are usually very large, and ornamented outside with two belfry spires, and inside with gaudy pictures of scriptural subjects. The priests of the last generation did not favour education, so that the fathers of the present race are unable to read and write. However, the progress of intelligence is beginning to be felt even among the hitherto stationary habitans, and education is becoming diffused among them. Formerly, a father, when his sons married, gave them a portion of his land, they also occupying part of his own, or a neighbouring habitation. Now many young French Canadians move away, and occupy new land at a distance from the banks of the St. Lawrence; or remove into the Eastern townships, that fertile country as yet but little appreciated, bounded on the south by the States of New York, Vermont, and New Hampshire.

Though I do not believe that the French

Canadians along the banks of the St. Lawrence, now throw the manure from their stables into the river, as they are said formerly to have done, yet their farming, in the estimation of Scotchmen, who are fastidious in this matter, would allow of great improvement. Deeper ploughing where the soil admits of it would be better; freeing the soil from stones, and great attention to drainage; the last that grand improvement in modern husbandry, on which my friend Mr. Smith of Deanston discourses so scientifically.

There is a great deal of politeness among the French Canadians, and their demeanour is mild, courteous and pleasing. During the summer months, from May to November, they have much hard work out of doors, and in the winter they visit one another, and dispel their *ennui* with the pipe, with knitting and making clothes, and enliven their evenings with the violin and the dance.

The village of Rivière du Loup is cheerfully situated on high ground at the mouth of the river, and overlooking the broad St. Lawrence,

beyond which are seen the mountains of Labrador. Here there are facilities for making a good harbour for steamers and small vessels. The distance from Quebec one hundred and ten miles, being convenient for bathers, a few respectable families come down every summer to refresh with salt water and breathe the sea-side air. At this place there were two small but respectable hotels for their accommodation.

We were here joined by our two assistant surveyors, Mr. Fulton, who was to accompany Lieutenant Woods; and Mr. MacGill (whom I had selected at Montreal) to accompany myself, when we should eventually separate on our respective duties. From Mr. Jones, the chief man of business in the place, we received much help in making our arrangements for our further progress.

The usual great difficulties of the Temisquata portage, or the leading from the Rivière du Loup towards New Brunswick, its rapid ascents and descents, are increased in May from the

melting of the snow. We were obliged therefore to distribute the party among a number of caleches and little carts, to get ourselves and baggage to the Temisquata Lake. Soon after leaving the village, we saw on our left a cataract, the Falls of the Rivière du Loup, which here leapt over a precipice of about eighty feet in height, in one broad white tumbling sheet.

At the Rivière Verte, where we found ourselves in the woods, there is a toll for the portage, and an old curly-headed serjeant, named Slight, had resided there in charge of the post since 1815. He did not complain of his position, though he said it was so elevated that he believed there was frost there every day in the year, and has seen ice a dollar thick in July; still there were no mosquitoes, as he had found at another post, where he had been tormented in summer with flies, and then half smothered with the smoke required to subdue them.

Besides the common mosquito, there is in these woods the real pest of the North Ame-

rican forests, the black fly,—a small dipterous insect with black and white legs, which I before alluded to. Unlike the mosquito it attacks in whole coveys, and without noise, and its bite is very poisonous, swelling up the forehead, behind the ears, and round the wrists. Wherever they can get an opening, squads of them settle like dust shot. Sentries in the woods,—and this was the case lately near where we now travelled,—were obliged to go on their posts with a handkerchief thrown over their heads, covering almost all their greased face and ears, whilst pine torches were stuck in the ground beside them and to windward, by their smoke to keep down their tormentors.

I now heard for the first time the peabody bird, whose call is like its name. It is also called the non-commissioned officer, as its note is like that of one calling for "pen and ink, pen and ink, pen and ink;" but I think its real note is like these syllables whistled, "he, hu, he, hehuhu, hehuhu, hehuhu." I mention this because the New

Brunswick woodmen has this small bird for his constant companion all summer, and he soon delights in its simple strain, which cheers him in his leafy solitude.

With great labour we got the first night to St. Francis River, where we slept. Snow lay in the woods, and water rushed in torrents along the sides and over the road, and it was evident that this original Indian path, converted into a road for wheeled carriages, ought as soon as possible to cease to be a part of the line of communication for the mails between Quebec and Halifax.

We took the same time as the mail does in May, eleven hours, to pass over thirty-six miles from the Rivière du Loup to the Temisquata Lake. The road in profile would be represented as a long jagged Sierra. At the Lake we were very comfortably housed in the small hostel of Mr. Labelle, whose wife was a remarkably fine specimen of womanhood, and Madame's house was as clean as she was good-looking.

Temisquata Lake is a fine large sheet of

water twenty miles long; it is deep, contains plenty of fish, and there are hills about it, down the valleys and ravines of which, rush winds which occasion sudden and dangerous agitation in the dark waters; many voyagers, incautiously sailing in them, have been upset and drowned.

There is a palisaded work on the Lake, Fort Ingall, for two hundred men, named after the active staff officer who constructed it. The sergeant in charge said that the snow fell there in immense quantities in winter, and shut them in, buried as it were in darkness; but in the open months there was plenty of good trout in the streams, abundance of hares and partridges, also pigeons in the blue berry season.

Whilst standing on the shore of the Lake I saw something which might serve to damp one's taste for wood life: a man was mending a canoe, he had been some months lumbering in the bush, and living on salt meat; he was sore all round his back, his gums were white and his teeth loose from scurvy.

The ice was still on the Lake, and we could not avail ourselves of water conveyance to the Little Falls of the Madawasca River: we therefore got on horseback (I had taken the precaution to bring a saddle with me) and the baggage was put on four little carts as before, each containing 200lbs. only. The first six miles of the road were pretty good, but the last twelve, to the small settlement called the Degilé on the Madawasca River were really of the most infernal description. The road was more like the bed of a muddy river, with roots in it, than anything else. The sides being black, and there were black swamps and brushwood all about us. Some of the wooden bridges had been carried away by floods, and others had been accidentally burnt.

We plunged through streams and occasionally got on logs which sunk under the horses' feet; the next minute we were up to the stirrups in swampy ground and mud. The drivers of the carts were wet and mudded to their waists; they supported their carts manfully, and when they got through a stream they

would hold up one leg bent to let the water run out of their boot tops; yet they managed to get forward their vehicles without material injury to the baggage.

At the Degilé we fell in with Mr. Blaicklock, the assistant surveyor of Lieutenant Simmons. He had come out of the bush and was proceeding to the Rivière du Loup for money. He was well got up as a woodsman for appearance at the settlements; wearing a glazed hat, red shirt, grey clothing, embroidered Indian sash, silver hilted knife in his belt, and pipe in his button-hole. Mr. Blaicklock has acquired an excellent reputation as a hardy explorer and an intelligent surveyor. He has recently been employed at the Red River in the Royal Engineer department.

From the Degilé to the Little Falls, along the Madawasca, there was a very good road for twenty-four miles, whilst thence to the Grand Falls of the St. John's River, thirty-six miles, strange to say there was no road at all; the River was the road and a canoe, the means of transport. At the Little Falls, the Mada-

wasca River rushes bright and clear over a ledge of rocks immediately before it unites its waters with the noble stream of the St. John's or Walloostook River. A stout wooden bridge of one arch spanned the Madawasca over the Falls, and conducted to a square block-house on a rocky ridge, which overlooked the surrounding country, tall trees stood at the bottom of the ridge, and though there was some clearing near the 'meeting of the waters', and a few houses, yet in the distance and all round was the endless black forest.

If a substantial lock and dam were constructed at the Little Falls, the Madawasca River might easily be rendered navigable to the Temisquata Lake; the River and Lake would thus give about forty-five miles of navigation. From the head of the Lake it might not be difficult to cut a canal of ten miles, or have a short rail-road to meet the Trois Pistoles River, and thus the waters of the St. Lawrence being united with those of the Bay of Fundy (whilst a short canal of half a mile passed round the Grand Falls), the dangers of the Gulf of St.

Lawrence would be avoided, and a safe water communication of four hundred and fifty-four miles, from St. John's City to Quebec established, during six or seven months of the year.

The sergeant in charge of the block-house complained of the dearness of provisions: at this time at the Little Falls, pork was ten pence currency a pound, bread five pence ; a bushel of potatoes 2*s*. 6*d*., butter 1*s*. Whilst the Madawasca man, an old Acadian of French origin, who paddled Lieutenant Woods and myself down the St. John's, said, that owing to the dearness of food there, he and his family ate nothing but brown rye-bread all the year round: the poor man, dressed in grey, looked thin and worn.

We were now in New Brunswick, and navigating its most important river, the St. John's. It rises in about 70° West longitude close to the N.W. angle of the State of Maine; its course is first N.E., then S., and S.E., till it falls into the Bay of Fundy at the City of St. John's. For eighty miles up to Frederictown,

steamers and schooners navigate the river, and barges go one hundred and twenty miles higher up, to the foot of the Grand Falls, and a small steamer has lately been constructed to go as far as the Falls also.

Between the Grand and Little Falls are the Acadian Settlements established here in 1783, the settlers amount to upwards of three thousand; they live in small wooden houses scattered along the banks of the St. John's: I observed also a small church on the left bank of the river. These Acadians are the descendants of those early French settlers, who, in conjunction with the Indians, were continually burning and laying waste the English Settlements on the lower St. John's, and who, when the English got the mastery, were removed to a safer distance. Those about the Madawasca being more shut out from the world than their French Canadian brethren on the St. Lawrence, seem to be less intelligent and industrious. When the N.E. boundary was finally settled by the Ashburton treaty, half of the Madawasca settlers, or those on the right bank of the St. John's,

necessarily became American citizens. It will be a curious subject for inquiry a few years hence, what has been the effect of this transfer.

There had been for some time a very troublesome affair to arrange in this quarter, viz:—the boundaries of Canada East and of New Brunswick. For Canada there was claimed the country as far as Mars Hill across to Moose Mountain, and thence to Dalhousie on the Bay of Chaleur. Whilst for New Brunswick was claimed the country as high nearly as 49° of north latitude, thence in a south westerly direction to opposite Quebec, in short, what the Americans claimed previously to the Ashburton treaty. The respective claims of Canada and of New Brunswick were founded on the interpretation put on a Royal Proclamation in 1763 and the Quebec Act of 1774, relating to the Highlands, which divide the waters which fall into the St. Lawrence, and those which fall into the Atlantic. The principle which seemed to govern the British Government in settling the boundaries of its American provinces was to

GRAND FALLS.

London Henry Colburn 1848

give to each province the whole extent of all rivers which emptied themselves within its boundaries.

The dispute between Canada and New Brunswick seemed interminable, and whilst the respective boundaries were undefined, settlements could not go on, or improvements be made in the disputed country. Commissioners were appointed to endeavour to fix the boundary, and after I had seen the country in dispute, I was asked to give an opinion, by some of the authorities who were to decide on the matter, and I suggested a nearly equal division; that is, to draw a line from the Little Falls East to the Bald Mountain, at the head of the Ristigouche River, and so continue down that river to the sea. For N.W. of the Little Falls the settlers are French Canadians, whilst S.E. they are Acadians, and have always been accustomed to be under the jurisdiction of New Brunswick.

In three canoes our party glided down the deep and smooth St. John's, and as strangers we looked out with some interest to our approach to the Grand Falls. The stream became

gradually swifter, and then below us we saw the well-known signs of a cataract—white vapour-clouds stretching across the river, rising and subsiding, and indicating, in conjunction with a dull, heavy sound, a great waterfall. The St. John's here thunders over a precipitous ledge of rocks into a deep basin seventy feet below, picturesque crags then confine the wildly rushing river for half a mile, the banks are overhung with woods, whilst below them the stream foams over a succession of rapids. The Grand Falls are well deserving of a visit from the American tourist, and here, too, will probably soon rise the contemplated city, recently laid out, of Colebrooke, so named after the late very estimable Governor of New Brunswick, Sir William Colebrooke, C.B. K.H.

CHAPTER IV.

Lieutenant Simmons—Timber going over the Grand Falls—The lumber-men—The creeping-irons—A trial survey—The mistaken surveyor—How Indians climb trees—An escape—Witch poles—A skunk—Leave the Grand Falls—Rough travelling—The region of beaver, &c.—A hunter's bride—The Aroostook—Effects of lumbering—Woodstock—Accidents—The Valley of the St. John's—Fredericton—Arrange my party for the forest—Fatal accident—Reach St. John's city.

At this time at the Grand Falls there were only four or five houses, the principal one being Costigan's Inn, well known to the lumber-men of the St. John's. Sir John Caldwell, of Quebec, in a spirit of speculation and enterprise, had attempted formerly to dam the river at the

Falls, for the purpose of erecting saw-mills, as he had so often done elsewhere, but it was too much for him—the St. John's rose, and carried away his works over the Falls; but his labours there originated a hamlet.

We found Lieutenant Simmons waiting for us at the Grand Falls. He had recently come out of the Forest, having carried his exploration from the Rivière du Loup towards the Green River. He looked strong and well, in his grey coat and axe on his shoulder, after his hard work. He very carefully explained the nature of his operations to us, and gave us every information in his power. His talents and intelligence have now procured for him the appointment of Government Inspector of Railroads in England.

In the Upper St. John's, where the most valuable forests were abandoned to the Americans in the settlement of the boundary—(which unfortunately was not the line of the St. John's, but considerably nearer the St. Lawrence)—I mean those forests about the Daaquem, Esseganetsacook, and Black Rivers, the lumberers

construct rafts of timber, accompany them as far as it is safe above the Falls, and then abandon them. It was interesting to watch them go over the Falls, increasing in swiftness towards the brink of the precipice, then comes the plunge, and the disappearance below among the vapour, spray, and turmoil of waters. After the reappearance of the separate logs, some hurried round and round in a great cauldron under the right bank of the river, where much valuable timber was being ground to pieces, one log against another. Some "sticks" thrust others to the edge of the rapids, then all would turn and circle along with the great broken raft always seen in the cauldron. Sometimes a single log would rise from the bottom of the cataract, and on end, and halfway out of the water, would walk, as it were, grandly down the rapids for a considerable distance.

It was calculated that £30,000 worth of timber were annually destroyed at the Grand Falls, for want of a canal round them. It seemed to me that it would be very desirable

to have a boom placed at an angle above the Falls, to give the logs the proper direction, and cause them to avoid a great rock in the centre, against which many of them struck, and were split; which would also help to keep them out of the cauldron.

The rocks at the Grand Falls are very highly inclined blueish calcareous slates. I think no fossils have been seen in them; they are *at least* silurian, probably older still.

The people we found at Costigan's Inn were rough and sturdy-looking lumberers, waiting for employment, or who had come out of the woods to refresh, or more properly to have "a drink," and "a spree." They were dressed usually in red flannel shirts (there is a virtue in the dye of red), homespun trowsers, and a peculiar loose jacket of grey or green, the sleeves of which are made like those of a shirt, whilst the corners of the jacket are tied round the waist with strings. On their heads they wore straw or low and coarse felt hats, and their feet were encased in brown moccassins, or heavy half-

boots well greased, the moccassin or boot furnishing a ready napkin after a meal of salt pork and biscuit.

The lumberers made a considerable racket at the hostel, talked loud, sang, drank, or tried their strength by "putting" a heavy stone in front of the door.

We tarried three days at the Grand Falls, living chiefly on beef, brought from the Rivière du Loup. One day it rained constantly, and we could do no out-of-door work. We occupied ourselves in writing: when it was fair we were continually on the move. We compared our instruments, and found the variation of the compass by double altitudes of the sun with the theodolite. We got linen bags made for sugar, and flannel ones for tea, also creeping-irons, to ascend the trees and look out.

These irons are of peculiar construction; they are like the letter L, are flat, and about one inch broad; the feet rest on the lower part, two leather straps bind the irons round the mid-leg and ankles, over the lumberer's boots. At the bottom of the long leg of the L, which rests

against the inner part of the leg, is a sharp spike at an angle of 45 degrees, this is stuck into the bark of the tree, like the claw of a wild beast, and thus enables the climber, embracing the tree with his arms, to reach the branches, when there is no further occasion for the irons.

Trees growing thickly in a forest, are devoid of branches for a considerable height from the ground, sometimes forty feet; the mass of the branches is towards the top, where they seek light and air. It is not an unusual thing to lose one's way in the woods, when ascending the highest tree near, an observation is taken from its top, and from it perhaps a known height is descried, or a stream, to guide one out of the difficulty. It is necessary for the surveyor also to ascend trees, to try and discover the best line to take for a road, he may be preparing to run through the forest. Creeping-irons are also useful to lumber-men, to enable them to discover patches of pine, or other timber, suitable for their purpose.

Lieutenant Woods having engaged his party

of woodsmen, we went across the river above the Falls in canoes, towards the site of a proposed fort, and practised running a line through the forest. Setting up a circumferenter-compass, we ran a N.E. course, clearing the line of brush, then set up pickets at intervals of thirty yards to mark the line; over acclivities the pickets were closer together. We measured the line with the chain, and at one side of it explored with one of the Indians, and marked by blazes, or slices of bark cut off the trees; another wavy line (following the undulations of the ground), which might be suitable for a road. There were thus a straight line and a curved one near one another; the first being carefully measured, was intended to afford a proximate idea of the distance surveyed, and the latter was considered as the line of a future road. When a large tree came in the way it was not cut down, but a sight was taken of it by the compass, after which the instrument was carried to the other side, and the line run again, till another impediment intervened.

Looking at the vast forests of pine and

maple trees round us, and which covered the whole country on every side, it would seem impossible to conduct a survey through them with any accuracy, or to reach any particular distant point. New Brunswick is a vast ocean of trees, through which the compass can alone guide us. The course requires to be well calculated, and laid down on a map or chart, at the outset, making allowance for variation, and great care must subsequently be taken in following the determined course. A great mistake had been made sometime before by a civil surveyor, who was either incompetent for the task he undertook, or very careless. His duty was to run a line for a road through a part of the Forest of New Brunswick, towards the American lines. When he came out he found he was no less than thirty miles south of the point he had steered for, and he was so much disgusted and ashamed of himself, that, abandoning his people and his instruments, he fled, and disappeared in the States.

After our mid-day repast of pork and biscuit, we put on the creeping irons and practised

climbing trees like bears or woodpeckers, and after some practice, we got into the way of it.

Our Indians showed how they climbed trees to get to the branches; they first cut a notch with their axe, not far from the ground, then drove their axe into the trunk as high as they could reach, and hauled themselves up by the handle, till their toe rested in the notch, they then cut other notches and hauled themselves higher again, till they reached the branches. Sometimes they fell a tree, and let it fall sloping against another which they wish to ascend, they then mount the inclined plane. The young men sometimes practice getting up a tree with a tomahawk in each hand, struck into the bark alternately behind, which method requires great strength and agility.

After we returned from our trial survey, there was a shout of alarm from the river, and on looking out to see what was the cause of it, a man was observed on a log, above the Falls, paddling for his life. He had got too near the centre of the stream, and was being swept to destruction. There was immediately a rush to

the rescue, and two canoes put out and saved him. But heedless people do not always escape here, as will be afterwards shown.

There is a singular story connected with the Upper St. John's, regarding witch-poles. It is this. Lieutenant Simmons had lately been in a canoe with an old Indian hunter, on one of the lakes of the St. Francis River, and they came to two smooth and green poles, without branch or leaf, and apparently growing out of the bottom; they stood eight feet above water. On sounding, the depth was found to be thirty feet, and on shaking one pole, the other also moved. The hunter said these poles had been there since his childhood, and always had stood there since two witches came up the lake to fish, and thrusting their poles to the bottom to make fast their canoe, they had grown there!

Lieutenant Simmons had recently lost an entire suit of clothes from the following cause; he and one of his men had slept in a deserted shanty or lumberer's hut, and having disturbed a skunk there in the morning (the *Mephitis*

Americana, with beautiful black and white fur and bushy tail), it conveyed such an odour over the clothes, that on reaching the rest of the party, some became sick and others fled; the entire dress was washed and buried in the ground, but nothing would remove the abominable taint; however, an Indian with a strong stomach, was glad to take the clothes as a present.

Leaving Lieutenants Simmons and Woods at the Grand Falls, to go on with their work, I mounted a waggon drawn by three horses (a unicorn), on account of the bad roads in prospect, and with my assistant-surveyor and the Indian André, we proceeded on our way towards Fredericton, where I was to make up my party.

We had not gone far before we came to a terrible hill, at the Rapide des Femmes; the road along the St. John's seemed to have been made in defiance of all science, viz. up and down the ravines, and close to the river, instead of making *détours* and avoiding steep pitches. We were soon obliged to jump out and walk, and on the ascent André ran behind the waggon

with a pole, to place under the wheel, and prevent the waggon running down hill. Our rough and ragged driver was civil to us, but very severe on his poor horses; his "Wey! oh wey!" was accompanied with severe floggings, but the whip being short, the leader escaped, unless the driver jumped off and ran alongside, flogging him, calling him all the while, "a d——d lazy old curse!"

Six miles were pretty good, but twelve were execrable; we ploughed through mud axle deep on one side, whilst the driver holding up the wheel on the other, we threw ourselves on the upper side, to prevent upsetting. We only met one man (from curiosity I asked his name, it was Young), the whole way, eighteen miles, to the Aroostook Ferry, though the land was very excellent, "the better land, the worse roads," and it was one continued scene of flogging the unfortunate beasts, from one end of the stage to the other.

The leaves were only beginning to appear on the trees, and from heights we saw well across the St. John's, and admired the opposite ridges

of hard wood and pine, giving promise of thriving future settlements. Beyond this and towards the N.E., about the upper branches of the Ristigouche, are the Highlands of New Brunswick, a region unknown except to a few hunters, and which I much desired to explore, a land of mountain and crag, of entangled forests and rushing streams, abounding in game, and where the beaver still perseveringly constructs its dam and builds its lodge.

A white hunter, whose friends lived near where we now were, spent the most of his time on the Upper Ristigouche, and he brought in from time to time, great variety of game, as moose and Cariboo deer, bear, racoon, martin, wolf, fox, porcupine, musk-rat, beaver, &c. He had lately taken to himself a young Indian wife, to go with him into the woods and wilds and mend his moccassins and snow-shoes; but after she had tasted bread at the settlements, she preferred to boil the pot with the parents of the hunter, and so he roamed and camped alone.

At the Aroostook Ferry we passed the waggon over in a miserable scow, or flat-bottomed

boat, the water dangerously lipping over the sides, but we got to a comfortable inn on the other side. The Aroostook River, which flows through a mountainous and forest tract of the State of Maine, and where there were fierce combats between the British and American lumberers, whilst this part of the territory was in dispute, was at this time full of American timber. After saluting the master lumberer, who was superintending his sturdy people at work among the logs, rafting them, with their piked poles, or gaffs, and handspikes, I asked him what quantity of timber, he thought, had gone down this spring, and I obtained this cautious answer: "There's a pretty considerable of timber gone down, I reckon."

The new driver we procured here, was a tall and well-looking young fellow, York by name, well known to the officers quartered in New Brunswick; he was a good cross between the British and Yankee whip, and got on his horses well, without punishment, by calling out "tep lang!" the contraction for "get up, go along!" The roads were not very good, as

little attention had been paid to drainage and none to clearing off the trees well from the sides, to admit the sun and wind. At one place we stopped to eat, where I remarked a stove stood close to the landlady's bed, which was in the parlour. She said her husband was lumbering in the woods for ten months in the year, during all which time she never saw him. No wonder, then, that lumbering is attended with demoralizing consequences.

The smiling valley of the St. John's increased in fertility and beauty as we drove along it. We left Mars' Hill, two thousand feet high, on our right, so well known in the Boundary negociations, and on our left, across the river, we saw rising from behind a great bank of forest, the round and swelling top of Moose Mountain. We arrived late at the village of Woodstock, and slept in a clean inn, but with high charges for gentlemen travellers.

"I am glad I am no gentleman," I overheard next day a fellow-traveller say. "Why?" "Because I saw that the landlady charged you

twice as much as she did me, for the same meals and lodging."

After leaving Woodstock by what was called the accommodation stage, a long open waggon, holding nine passengers, we had not proceeded far, before we came to a descent and a bridge over a deep ravine, when the driver, standing up with the reins in both hands, tried to stop his horses running off, but his "Wo, wey!" was of no use: they rattled down the descent at a fearful rate, and it took away our breath and theirs before they were pulled up on the rise at the other side. It is the custom to "spring" horses on the level before making an ascent, and to take them up half-way at speed: here they "sprung" themselves.

What next happened to us was the breaking of the harness at Eel River, which delayed us several hours; then, further on, the pole broke, by which we were nearly pitched into a ditch. A farmer, after some delay and demur, helped us to another pole. At Lang's Creek, the bridge had been carried away by the freshets of

April, and we essayed to cross on a raft made of loose planks resting on logs, through which the water bubbled up about one foot. At last, after a very hard day's work of "rough and tumble" travelling, we reached Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick.

The valley of the St. John's presents the appearance of two or three terraces of *deluvium* rising from the river to wooded heights, which overlook it. It seemed as if the whole valley had formerly been the bed of a lake, dammed up by the rocks which remain at the mouth of the river, where the city of St. John's now stands; that by convolutions of nature occasioning breaks in the dam, the water had subsided, from one level to another, forming successive terraces, till it occupied only its present bed. The "interval" land, or that which is still annually overflowed, is of the richest description, and heavy crops are raised on it, or it is employed as pasture.

Behind a natural dam, in many places running along the bank of the river, the ground is lower than the surface of the water, because

when the river overflows, it holds in solution, the heavier particles of soil, and heaps them near its bed.

Fredericton was fixed on by Sir Guy Carleton, as the seat of Government in 1785, it is placed on a level site opposite the mouth of the Nashwauk, and enclosed by a bend of the St. John's. The situation is very pleasant and cheerful, whilst an air of quiet and peace prevails; in short, it is just the place where a susceptible bachelor might be likely to marry. The streets are regular, and the houses are of wood or brick. The population is about four thousand. Government House, standing some distance from the town, is a massive structure of stone: it is situated in a park, and excellent gardens are attached to it, past which the river runs, whilst wooded heights are on either side. King's College, endowed with six thousand acres of land, occupies an elevated site overlooking the town; it is a stone building of imposing appearance. The professors have been selected with care, and the institution gives promise of conferring great benefits on the

youth of the province. The churches are not remarkable for the beauty of their architecture, but what is more important, they are well attended, and the population of British descent is very loyal, orderly, and well conducted. The lumberers only occasioning a little excitement sometimes, like sailors after a long cruise.

I immediately waited on the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir William Colebrooke. His Excellency entered fully into the business of the survey of the military road, and evinced the greatest desire to promote it, as it would tend so much to open up the resources of the Province. He introduced me to the Honourable Mr. Bailie (formerly of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers), the Surveyor General, from whom I derived every possible assistance. He showed me in his office the maps of the country, so far as it was known, but which left almost the whole of the interior blank; he gave me tracings, and he got one of the deputies, an old and experienced woodsman, named Blair, to agree to accompany me into the forest, and to

assist me in forming my party in the meantime.

At this period, and subsequently, I derived great pleasure and much information from the society of Professor Robb, of King's College, an old and valued acquaintance; Dr. Toldervey, a resident physician (also like Dr. Robb of great scientific acquirements), who speedily cured me of opthalmia, with which I had been greatly inconvenienced after visiting an officer labouring under this distressing complaint at Quebec.

I was busily engaged for a few days getting my half tents or sheds in order, dipping them in corrosive sublimate and water—one pound to five gallons of water—to prevent mildew. I also got twelve good stout bags, with carrying straps, made to hold the pork, biscuit, tea, sugar, &c.; also ter three pound axes were forged, a heavier axe would have encumbered the men carrying the supplies.

My party being made up, consisted of the following individuals.—

Mr. Blair, Deputy Surveyor, a Nova Scotian.
Mr. MacGill, Assistant-Surveyor, Irishman.
Jacob Segee, New Brunswicker.
John Blair, Jun. „
George M. Blair, „
George Brown, „
A. Anderson, Irishman.
J. Kilpatrick, „
E. Pettey, „
André Romain, Indian hunter.

After the men had signed an agreement witnessed by Messrs. Blair and MacGill, to do willing service with me in exploring and surveying for the Government, from the Bend of the Petitcodiac River, towards the Grand Falls, at the rate of one dollar a day wages, and their food,* they made their arrangements to be absent all summer.

Major French, 52nd, commanding the garrison, had kindly introduced me to the mess

* I gave Mr. Blair and Mr. MacGill two dollars, and a dollar and a half respectively, per day my own extra pay was ten shillings sterling.

of the detachment of his regiment stationed at Fredericton. Here I made the acquaintance of Captain Pocklington, Lieutenant Carden, Ensign Stronge, and Dr. Skene. Whilst my preparations were going on, I had been asked to drive out to Stanley, the principal settlement of the New Brunswick Land Company, in a light tandem waggon, but not wishing to leave the people who were at work for me, I declined, intending at some future period to visit the settlement.

The four who mounted the tandem, were Lieutenant Carden, Mr. Burke, son of Sir John Burke, and two young gentlemen, farmers, the Messrs. Wigney. Carden drove, there were only snaffles in the horses' mouths, as is too much the custom in North America. The horses were young and skittish, they soon ran off, but were pulled up again on level ground. On going down a long hill near Stanley, a trace of the wheeler became unhooked, and the horses set off again. The tandem swayed about from side to side for sometime, and a girl watching

it, saw the four young men suddenly projected into the air like birds, whilst the horses made off with the overturned carriage, which had struck against a stone.

Mr. Burke and the Messrs. Wigney got up with the loss of some teeth and considerable bruises, but poor Carden lay insensible on the road. He was carried to Stanley to the house of Colonel Haynes, the Commissioner of the New Brunswick Land Company, where every attention was shown him by the Colonel and Mrs. Haynes. It was many hours before he got medical aid from Fredericton. In the meantime he was bled by the clergyman: yet he lay twelve hours without speaking. Drs. Toldervey and Skene succeeded in rousing him, but his strength gradually declined, from the extensive injury he had received on the side of his head, and he died thirty hours after the fatal accident! Being a favourite in his corps, he was much regretted. He had just succeeded to two thousand pounds a year, and was in daily expectation of being gazetted to a company, when he was thus suddenly cut off.

On the 21st of May I left Fredericton in a steamer with my party for St. John's, where I was to get my provisions from the ship chandlers, Messrs. Jardine. The banks of the lower St. John were rich and well cultivated with comfortable houses, where, sixty years ago, there was not one. We passed on our left the entrance of the Grand Lake, where coal is found, the Washadimoak, Belle Isle, and Kinnebecasis Estuaries, all very picturesque and beautiful.

What affords great promise, for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia is this, that an immense coal field of nine thousand square miles may be considered to be enclosed between the east coast, and a line run from Bathurst on the Bay of Chaleur, and by Fredericton to Pictou in Nova Scotia.* A geological map of this great region may thus be marked black, besides many parts of the valuable Island of Cape Breton, and on

* The coal formation of Great Britain is reckoned to be 11,859 square miles, and of the United States 133,132. We cannot, therefore, afford to lose that of l'Acadie.

the western shores of Newfoundland. Let us never then surrender these invaluable colonies into the hands which might turn their great resources of timber, agricultural and mineral wealth, and fine harbours, against the parent country !

CHAPTER V.

St. John's City—The Falls—Conference regarding roads—Commerce and resources of New Brunswick—Provisions for the forest—Tricks upon travellers—Journey to "the Bend"—An accident—The tide at the Bend—Visit the mountain settlement—Commence exploring and surveying—Our first camp—Manner of working—A bush story—Sunday in the forest—Effects of pork and flies—Sources of rivers—Barrens—Wild animals—Rocks and plants—New Canaan River—Negro stories—The black bear—Rich land—Arrive at the N. W. angle of Westmoreland.

THE city of St. John's, the largest and most commercial in New Brunswick, is well placed at the mouth of the St. John's River, which terminates in a very commodious and safe harbour,—abounding in herrings and

mackerel,—in which the tide rises twenty-four feet. It is built on a rocky surface; many of the streets are steep, and when they are well paved and well lighted the city will have a handsome appearance. Unfortunately it suffered much of late years from extensive fires. St. John's contains the usual public buildings, as churches, schools, banks, and a chamber of commerce; the population is about thirty thousand.

The Falls of the St. John above the city are remarkable, though they have more the character of a violent rapid, when the tide is running out, than a Fall. At flow of tide the "Fall" runs backwards, or towards the source of the river. The river is contracted by rocks to a breadth of four hundred yards: it rushes impetuously and dangerous between these, expands into a basin, where there are steam saw mills; is contracted again where there are wooded precipices, and a "split" or detached rock. There is at low water a violent rush of black and white foamy water here, though schooners and barges pass up at high tide.

Boats imprudently venturing near some parts of the "hell of waters" are carried down head foremost, as if into a hole, and never seen again entire.

I was pointed out a lofty crag called Blair's Rock, where a man of that name had sprung into the awful cauldron below, and drowned himself. He had been unfortunate in business, and was tracked in winter from his lodgings, by his footmarks in the snow, to the brink of the precipice.

The rocks about St. John's are, in great part, of metamorphic slate and limestone, inclined at a very high angle, and distorted with huge dykes of syenite passing into granite on the one hand and trap on the other. The stratified rocks run obliquely across the river, about N.E. and S.W., and the broken edges of the corresponding beds may be readily traced by the eye on both sides. The Falls are partly connected with the alternating harder beds of igneous rock resisting the abrasive power of the water, they thus both raise the bed at places, and narrow the opening into the

river, so that the rushing tide accumulates below, and causes *a fall upwards.*

A report had gone before that H.M. Surveying Commissioner was coming to open the roads, settle emigrants, and throw daylight into the dark forests of New Brunswick, and I was consequently received with considerable ceremony by the landlord of the hotel where I put up. I had also the honour of a visit from the Mayor, and the Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce. They were naturally and very properly anxious for the prosperity of their city, and were of opinion that the intention of the Government to carry the mail line from Halifax to the Bend of the Petitcodiac River, round the head of the Bay of Fundy, (thus avoiding St. John's City), and across New Brunswick, towards the Grand Falls, was not to be commended. They considered that it would be far better to establish the mail line from Halifax across Nova Scotia towards Annapolis, by the, as yet, partially cleared Dalhousie Road, to cross the Bay of Fundy from Annapolis to St. John's, continue along the river to Frede-

ricton, &c. That to complete to Dalhousie Road, would cost about £8,000; whereas to "drive" this new road through a wilderness, would cost at least £30,000, and then, they thought, it never could be kept clear in winter.

I asked why should it continue a wilderness? It was doubtless created for a different purpose,—this country abounding in good land, valuable timber, coal, &c., should be opened up for settlement by a road through the very heart of it, that it was also intended by the Government to have the communication between the North American provinces much more direct than it was at present, also that the communication should avoid the frontier as much as possible. That the Bay of Fundy was often dangerous in winter from fogs and snow-storms, and that a branch road could easily connect St. John's with the main trunk line.

Discussions on these matters elicited a good deal of statistical information, and I found those gentlemen into whose society I was

thrown in St. John's (whilst making my arrangements about my provisions for the forest) very obliging and communicative, viz.: The Mayor, Mr. Donaldson, the Honourable Mr. Robinson, Mr. E. Allison, &c.

Though New Brunswick is about the size of England, its population only then numbered, in 1844, about one hundred and seventy thousand souls, yet there are very many highly enterprising men among its merchants and farmers. The staple exports are fish and timber, besides beef and pork, salt hides, coals, furs. The exports may average not far short of a million sterling, and St. John's City alone imports about the same amount of the necessaries and luxuries of life from the mother country. It is incalculable the advantage which would be derived by England, if a population of millions instead of thousands, occupied the uncleared forests of this fine province, and to which no long land conveyance and inland navigation is required, but a short run across the Atlantic brings the emigrant, at once, to his "location" without ruinous expense.

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The 33rd Regiment, "the Duke's" first corps, was at this time in St. John's, newly arrived from the West Indies, and under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Whannel. I was gratified by making some new acquaintances in this regiment, and was a guest at their mess.

I drove into the country with the Mayor, and he said that after an experience of forty years in and about St. John's (subsequently to leaving his native city Aberdeen) he never knew an industrious man, who did not get on well; that though the actual borders of the Bay of Fundy were rocky and unfertile; yet inland, as far as was yet known of the province, there was great fertility; in Westmoreland for instance to the east. In that county, Dorchester is of surpassing richness in soil; some of the old Acadians first settled there, dyked extensive marshes, and converted them into the richest meadows, "the Carse of Gowrie was nothing to them."

Mr. Edward Allison kindly took me to see his steam saw-mills on the other side of the

suburb called Portland, where there are extensive ship-builders' yards. Mr. Allison's works were conducted with a great deal of life and energy, and they have this advantage in a new country, they do not ruin the rivers by the erection of dams which the ordinary saw-mills require, and the stream is not polluted with slabs and saw-dust as it is elsewhere.

It was necessary for me to try and establish two *dépôts* of provisions near my proposed course through the forest, so that when we had nearly expended the stock we were to set out with, and carried on the broad shoulders of my men, we might get fresh supplies, and so continue the work without coming out of the forest altogether. I accordingly arranged with Messrs. Jardine, that they should dispatch and contrive to get pushed up in canoes to the last houses on the Rivers New Canaan (a branch of the Washademoak), and Salmon (which empties itself into the Grand Lake) the following supplies for each *dépôt*, 1½ barrels of pork (or 300 lbs.), 8 barrels of biscuit (or 640 lbs.), 15 lbs. of black tea, 40 lbs. of

sugar, 15 lbs. of rice, ½ a bushel of split beans, 25 lbs. of salt cod-fish, 6 lbs. of tobacco, pepper, salt and mustard.

I engaged with a sturdy little sea captain, Arklow by name, commanding the 'Helen' schooner, to take a like supply of provisions, and three of my men in charge of them, up the Bay of Fundy to the Bend, whilst I went overland with the rest, one hundred miles, in a hired stage, as I was desirous of seeing the country.

It is right that travellers should expose tricks which may be attempted on them, so that those who happen to come after may benefit. There was an attempt at imposition in St. John's, which was rather absurd. The landlord of the hotel had, as I said, received me with considerable distinction on my arrival, and perhaps was rather surprised to notice that instead of pursuing the exclusive system, I took my meals at the public table, where useful information is often picked up. When I went to settle accounts at the bar, I looked about and saw on the wall the rate of charges.

"Board and lodging per day 6*s*. 3*d*.," but my bill was made out at 12*s*. 6*d*., I pointed out that this "was not according to the card;" the landlord said that he had been expecting me and had kept a room for me. I said I had never written about a room, and now had lived like other people, whereat he was constrained to take off half the amount of his bill, and his revenge was to walk out of his bar with his hands below his coat skirts and whistling, to show his independence.

On the 24th of May, I left St. John's in a comfortable covered stage, my people being inside, whilst I sat in front with the driver, to see the country. On our left, after leaving the city, was the estuary or lake at the mouth of the Kennebecasis River, a fine sheet of water, stretching many miles into the country. We crossed the Hammond River, passed a salt spring, and breakfasted at the "Finger-board," where the mail road from Halifax turned off towards Fredericton. In the afternoon we were travelling through the beautiful Sussex Vale with its wooded ridges, rich

"intervale" land below, and an abundant supply of water. We saw a curious contrivance of poles standing in the low grounds; round these poles the hay is heaped in stacks to prevent its being carried off by the periodical floods.

The rocks in Sussex Vale are in all probability chiefly of the Devonian system; generally red or variegated sandstone with salt springs and gypsum. In the Petitcodiac District the carboniferous system appears to predominate.

At ten at night we were descending the Boundary-Creek-Hill, a steep pitch with a turn in it; the horses had snaffles as usual, and there was as usual also, no drag or skid for the wheels. The driver was unable to control his horses, though he had only two to manage; he stood up and, hauled on them and "wo hoed" as much as he could, and then got frightened. I held on as well as I was able expecting a crash; it came, accompanied with a shout from the insides, and I found myself pitched headforemost in the dark down a steep, on the left

of the road stage and all, and struggling among the legs of one of the horses which was lying on his back.

I scrambled out of my unpleasant position as fast as I could, and climbing over the bottom of the stage, the wheels of which were in the air, I regained the road, where I found the driver (who had jumped off on the right) with the other horse, which had caught on a railing. Thanking God heartily for my escape, which was complete, with the exception of two cuts on the forehead from the horse's heels, I immediately went down to the men, and called out to them to keep quiet, (they were shouting and scrambling inside the coach), and all would soon be well. The coach was prevented by the trees from going further down the precipice.

The first man, an Irishman, who was extricated, ran at me open-mouthed, and hoped I was not killed. They all got out with difficulty, and were more or less bruised and cut; but providentially none were disabled. I sent a man to the first farm-house for help, and a Mr.

Nixon came with his men, and brought a lantern, ropes and an axe. We took the baggage off the stage, cut away some impediments, hauled the coach up to the road, (fortunately it was not injured), and then got up the poor horse, which was groaning and struggling below. The animal was found to be deeply wounded in the chest, and was left with Mr. Nixon, who kindly lent us another to take us on. He also, like a good Samaritan, applied hot brandy to our cuts and bruises. This adventure seemed rather a bad beginning for our enterprise; but the age of omens has gone by.

We reached the scattered village at the Bend of the Petitcodiac River in the middle of the night, and put up at a small inn, among civil people. There I tarried for three days, for an easterly wind, accompanied with rain, prevented the schooner with my supplies coming round.

At the Bend (which is in 46° 6′ 15″ of N. lat., 64° 44′ 45″ E. long., with 18° of W. variation) it is interesting to watch the tremendous flow of the tide from the Bay of Fundy. It sometimes comes in with a *bore* or

line of foam several feet high, and rising sixty feet (and sometimes even ninety), covers with an inland sea where was lately extensive mud flats.

I reconnoitred about the Bend, and my first walk was to the Mountain Settlement, through which it appeared that our military road must pass. The long hard wood ridge, called here the Mountain, rises about two hundred feet above the level of the low and fertile lands of the surrounding country, and it is distant from the Bend seven miles. There are two mountains, Lutz's and Sleeve's Mountain; the former is nearest the Bend. The houses are half way up the gentle ascent. Lutz, the first settler, established himself there thirty years ago; he has upwards of two hundred acres of beautiful land, which he would not part with for £500. There were in 1844 twenty-three families on Lutz's Mountain, and about half that number on Sleeve's Mountain, S. W. of the other. More westerly is Butternut Ridge, with a very thriving settlement, and north-easterly is Irishtown.

I fell in with a tall and well-made young man, named Anderson, belonging to the Lutz's Settlement; we walked on together, and I found him intelligent and communicative.

It appeared that the people of the mountain settlement, a stalwart race, had been rather wild till this last spring, when a preacher visited them, and they began to think of their souls. I asked Anderson if they had a clergyman, and he said none at all (though there were two or three hundred people there); "but we have got our Bibles," he said, "and two good schools; and this spring many have been baptized, from the age of fourteen to forty."

The road was very bad towards the neglected and almost unknown Mountain Settlement. It was wet, and full of holes, which were filled up with roots, and the trees, which consisted of hemlock, spruce, maple, and birch, grew close to the edge of the road. At a small clearing, where there was a log hut, there was a venerable tar, an old sailor of Nelson's, named Jimmy Mina, who had here anchored himself. An old woman kept house for him. He had sailed,

as he said, on board the Bellyruffen (Bellerophon), and in talking of her he said, "I could *love* that ship!" On ascending the ridge, there was a scattered line of log-houses at long intervals, whose occupants cultivated land of great fertility. The view from the Mountain Settlement was extensive, embracing much forest, the white houses at the Bend of of the Petticodiac, and the distant range towards Nova Scotia, called the Shepody Mountain.

During another walk I had taken to fill up the time till our provisions arrived, I went to a farm-house near the Bend to ask about the roads in the neighbourhood, of which I made a survey. The farmer gave me a rough reception, and desired me to be off, and that he had nothing to give me: it turned out that he mistook me for a soldier who was deserting.

The schooner having at length arrived, and as I had obtained all the information regarding the forest that was known to the people about the Bend and the Mountain, and having ascertained the existence of two large swamps, which

it was desirable to avoid, I determined on a course of N. 52° west, so as to steer between them through the thick forest, for the N. W. angle of Westmoreland.

I took my point of departure for the Military Road on the 28th of May, from a hemlock tree between the Free Meeting-house and school at the Bend, and we chained the road to the Mountain Settlement, whither I had transported my supplies in a waggon to save my men's backs the first day. We established our quarters for the night at Jeremiah Lutz's, where we slept under a roof,—the last time for a considerable period.

The loads of pork, biscuit, &c., being distributed among the striped bags next morning, each carrier passing his arms through the straps, shouldered his load (about one hundred pounds to begin with), they then walked sturdily off into the forest, each bearing in his hand an axe, kettle, or a fowling-piece. The big cooking kettle, containing the tin plates, knives, forks, &c., was in a black case, and being on a

wooden carrier, like what is used in France, was called Satan by the men; and being rather an awkward load, was not a general favourite with them.

We blazed, marked with the broad arrow and with M. O. (miles O.) an old hemlock tree at the edge of the wood in Mr. T. Horseman's field, set up the circumferenter, and commenced exploring ahead, and brushing out a six-foot path for chaining and for carrying along the loads. All were alert and in good spirits. There was a bird's cry in the wood of "hit, hit, hit, wroot, wroot, wroot, wroot." André crept towards the sound, fired, and knocked over a plump grouse, which was drumming for its mate on a prostrate log.

After passing some distance through the forest, we came to a small clearing at the last log-house we were to see—Jacob Trite's; proceeding into the forest beyond it, we made our first camp. It was still rather early for going into the woods, as they were wet from the melted snow; but we picked out as dry a place as we could find, cut down large birch trees for

back-logs for the three fires, poles and crutches for our half tents or open sheds, and broke off twigs of balsam fir to make our beds. When the fires blazed up, and we had got on dry trowsers and moccassins, we felt perfectly comfortable. There is no undressing in the bush, so rolling ourselves in our blankets after supper, we slept soundly.

Next morning, when the wind was sighing through the upper branches of the trees, and the woodpeckers, in black and white coats, were beginning to climb the tall stems, I roused all hands at five o'clock by means of a few blows with an axe-handle on one of the poles of my shed; all turned out of their blankets at once, and shaking themselves (the only toilette till Sunday came round) the breakfast of pork, biscuit, and tea was discussed, pipes were smoked, the tents were struck and packed, loads arranged, and by seven o'clock, the exploring, brushing out the line, and carrying the loads along it, was going on steadily.

There were seventeen packs in all, and six men to carry them. They accordingly moved

backwards and forwards along the line, and deposited their burdens after short trips. Mr. Blair attended to the circumferenter, and Mr. MacGill, with the chainman, John Bair, measured the line, and kept an account of the different sorts of wood we passed through,—which it was necessary to note as an indication of the soil on which they grew. I went ahead, axe on shoulder, and with a compass and havresack, sometimes alone, and sometimes with the Indian André, or I explored to the right and left as occasion required. So all were at work simultaneously, and all were up at twelve at noon, which was the dinner hour. There was pork, biscuit, and tea again, and at half-past one the work went on as before till five P.M., when all hands "made camp."

To vary the evening's meal, we had occasionally bean-soup, or some salt fish; from eight to ten, I read by the light of my lamp; the men were very glad to sleep after their day's fatigue, particularly the carriers. The anxious inquirer may now ask how many miles we got over in a day, suggesting "eight or

ten?" and will doubtless be surprised to hear that a mile and a quarter a day (though sometimes double that was accomplished) cut through the Bush, was considered a fair day's work, and yet we were regularly at it from morning till night.

Be it remembered that in these primeval forests, which have been growing up since the deluge, decaying and renewed, entangled with prostrate trees and young and middle-aged growth of timber, we must hew our way painfully and with much heat of body in these hot summer months, when one usually streams with perspiration from eleven o'clock to six.

At sunrise the thermometer was usually 60°, at noon 75°, at sunset 65°; but in the dense forest there is, of course, little circulation of air; we heard the breeze at the top of the trees, but seldom felt it at their roots. In short, the air seems to stagnate there, and the closeness is oftentimes terrible to bear, especially as it is accompanied with, first, the minute black fly, the constant summer torment; the mosquito, with intolerable singing, the prelude

of its sharp probe; the sand-fly, with its hot sting; the horse-fly, which seems to take the bit out of the flesh; and the large moose, or speckled-winged fly. We were never free from flies of some kind or another, and I have seen the five different kinds just enumerated "doing their worst" at the same time on our flesh, and the black pests digging into it and elevating their hinder end, like ducks searching below the surface of a pond. Yet, though the heat and flies did not improve one's appearance, or tend to one's comfort, there was no unmanly complaining among the men; they held out well, and their using no brandy helped us much; for those who do so, could not remain in these woods in summer.

To a person accustomed, like myself, to severe exercise from boyhood, there would be no great difficulty in walking 'right on end' through the woods, with moccassins on feet and bearing a compass, axe, havresack, and blanket, any number of miles say twenty or thirty a-day, though to the unitiated in forest walking, the constant lifting the leg high and striding over

the prostrate trees, (the wind falls) wading through swampy places, getting oneself severely scratched and bruised, and the occasional pitch forward on one's face and hands from entangling the foot in roots or creeping shrubs, are sore trials. In surveying and chaining we require to go differently to work; we cannot chain over the bushes, but clearing them away, and all other obstructions, we measure carefully along the ground in this way:—

The person at the head of the chain is provided with a number of pointed sticks; he carries the chain a-head to its length, and calling out to the man at the other end 'set!' he at the same time plants a stick, and the other answering 'down' lays his end of the chain on the ground. The first goes on again, the second takes up the stick, and the same 'set,' 'down,' are repeated till all the sticks are expended by the first man, when he calls out 'tally;' the second then keeps his reckoning by cutting with his knife a notch on a piece of wood hanging from his waist. Besides careful chaining being required on a survey, slow

progress is occasioned in the forest by everything being carried on men's backs, and heavy loads of 'stuff' are necessary for a lengthened exploration.

On Saturday night there was some conviviality, yet without the assistance of ardent spirits. I encouraged the men 'to tell the tale and pass round the song', and one played the flute. One story being a short one I here introduce it.—A poor man, his wife and several children, all dwelt in one small 'camp', or hut in the forest. It was so small that at night the whole family were packed together like spoons, and when the old man wanted to turn round in bed he called out 'spoons!' and all went about on the other side together.

On Sunday, there was no work done, the camp on the previous evening had been selected with some care, near a clear stream, and where the tall trees were not too closely set. Every one now shaved, washed and put on clean clothes: after breakfast we had prayers and a chapter of the bible was read and commented upon: psalms and hymns were sung and some

of the men had good voices. Their favourite hymn was that beautiful one of Heber's, now called the Missionaries' hymn.

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand :
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain."

A christian spectator would have been interested in witnessing our small congregation trying to offer up a humble tribute of thanksgiving and praise to the Creator of the mighty forests, which lifted their lofty stems and green tops on every side.

In the afternoon the people rested, or mended and washed their clothes, and read to one another. The wash-tub was a square hole cut deep with an axe in a prostrate log. I usually went out from the camp in the afternoon to walk, and look about with André to see what sort of country we had next to

encounter; the Indian as we strode through the dark forest, ever and anon broke off a twig to mark our way back, and watched always how the sun shone upon his shoulder, as a guide for our direction.

At our evening meals the moose bird, the size of a pigeon, with a black and white head and soft flight would sometimes perch singly or in pairs on the branches above us, and flit down familiarly near us to peck up a chance morsel. This bird is so fearless, that sometimes it is pecking at one end of a slain deer when the hunter is engaged at the other.

Sometimes André and myself had hard work over the logs and entangled twigs of the moose wood (a shrub with large heart-shaped leaves and white blossoms, a species of guilder rose) to make an offset to avoid a stream, and direct the line of road over the best ground. We were too eager exploring to walk stealthily and look for game, but we saw traces of the large-footed cariboo or reindeer, on swampy ground, then we might hear bark being stripped off a tree, followed by the sudden brushing aside of

branches. It was a bear which had been enjoying a meal off the inner bark of some of the fir tribe, which was soft at this time and full of sap. At various distances and with different degrees of loudness, the woodpeckers with their sharp and strong beaks would interrupt the dead silence around.

I remarked to André one day whilst we rested at the foot of a tree, and were rolling the black flies from our foreheads, that there was not much to eat in these woods, neither roots, fruits, nor berries, and I asked him what he would do if left without gun or fishing-tackle, he answered: "J'essayerai, Monsieur, d'en sortir aussitôt que possible, en suivant le premier ruisseau que je pourrois trouver." Going down a stream might lead to a river, and a river to a settlement, or an Indian camp.

On the 1st of June at mid-day, we ate our meal where large trees lay prostrate, decayed, covered with a thick coat of moss, and on which young fir-trees grew. The old logs looked as if they had been laid low seventy or eighty years, and these were probable traces of

the great fires to which the French settlers are said to have incited the Indians, in order to drive out the English, who were then gaining the mastery in the country, and it is believed that two hundred miles of forest were then burnt, or all the way to where St. Andrew's now stands at the mouth of the St. Croix River.

Two of the mountain settlers, of whom Bryan Martin was one, came after us on our track, guided by the blazes on the trees. They wished to see how we were getting on, and brought us, through friendly feeling, a present of butter, and buck-wheat cakes, and a bottle of maple syrup. They were very anxious for our success, and for life and light being thrown on their settlement by means of the proposed military road. They said, too, that if a hundred men had searched for it, a better line could not have been hit upon for the road so far; as a great swamp of several miles in extent had been avoided by our line, on our right at the sixth mile, and another on our left had been

passed at the seventh mile; this was satisfactory. These men added, 'our daily prayer on the Mountain is for your success.'

I did not feel particularly comfortable after some days of unusual salt pork, the weather at the same time being hot, but I left it off for a couple of days and took some boiled rice, whilst my hunter got two or three spruce and Savannah grouse. To save having another man and that all might fare alike, I had not, as I said before, taken any delicacies with me. Soon all was well again, except our wrists, which were so swelled with the black flies, that I could not sometimes button the sleeves of my only upper raiment, the red flannel shirt. I wore this 'playfully' disposed outside of my drill trowsers for coolness, but confined round the waist with the belt of my ball-pouch, to 'keep all snug.'

On the 3rd and 4th of June we saw some good land and some spruce barrens or swamps. I wondered at first what end these spongy plains could answer, producing neither trees nor grass, but only wet moss on a sandy bottom—

" Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative wisdom, as if aught was formed
In vain, or not for admirable ends."

I found that these so-called barrens were, in this region, without mountains, the sources of the streams; the moss collecting, retaining, and giving out the moisture when overcharged. These Savannahs then should be intact in the process of early settlement.

The trees round the edge of these barrens have a singular appearance, from the green and black hair-like moss hanging from their stunted branches. This is the lichen usually called 'Absolom's hair.' In two or three places on our route, we drove a pole six feet into the soft moss of the barrens, but the average depth was one or two feet: average extent of the barrens thirty or forty acres; one was one hundred acres. On them we saw the tracks of the cariboo deer, whose broad feet are well adapted for moving across the barrens without sinking into them, whilst we sometimes were wading and struggling through them up to our knees.

We saw also the tracks of bears, wolves, porcupines, skunks, martins, &c. on our line, and of birds; besides the grouse, woodpeckers, and moose birds already noticed, we observed kingfishers, loons, plovers, night hawks and owls. The cry of the last André imitated at night, in order to discover its locality, and he would then steal up and shoot it for his own private eating, though it is merely a bundle of feathers.

We saw few insects (besides the horrid flies) in the depth of the woods. There was a small brown butterfly in 'openings,' a large hairy bee collecting its stores from the flowers of the wild lilac, and on the ground we beheld occasionally a copper-coloured beetle. In swampy ground, 'checkered' snakes glided among rotten branches and leaves.

The prevailing rock was of a coarse sandstone, stratification horizontal. I also saw boulders of granite and horn-blende rock, also some manganese, whilst the banks of streams showed indications of coal. I made a herbarium of dried plants* and collected every portable

* See appendix.

thing, and noted and sketched everything of interest on our route.

In deep and retired places in the woods it was interesting to creep upon and watch the partridge, or more properly the ruffed grouse, drumming on a prostrate log ; after a pause he would elevate his ruff on his neck, ruffle up his brown feathers, spread his tail and strut like a turkey-cock. Then at first slowly, afterwards rapidly, he would strike the log with his stiffened wings, and thus produce the drumming sound, which has a remarkable effect when heard in the solitude of the forest, especially if an echo is near.

After hewing through the eighth mile on the 5th of June, the compass needle dipped so much in a hollow between two slopes of ground, that it refused to traverse, till we reached a grass meadow beyond. Next day, near low wet land, the flies, which had all along been very tormenting, became insufferable. At mid-day when we halted to eat, we were obliged to sit in the middle of half-a-dozen 'smokes' made by laying damp moss over small fires, and the

same thing happened several times afterwards. Our foreheads, necks, and wrists particularly suffered, and though I had provided, as I said, every one with a veil, yet the black flies insinuated themselves under the gauze very often, and we were indeed 'grievously tormented;' fortunately for settlers, with the progress of clearing, black flies and mosquitoes immediately disappear.

Sometimes with, and sometimes without the assistance of the creeping irons, I ascended large trees to look out. The prospect was everywhere the same.

> "To the far horizon wide diffused
> A boundless deep immensity of shade."

One day I saw Butter Nut Ridge to the south, but no ridges north of our line were visible. It was a great relief to sit on the cool top of a pine, out of the reach of the flies below, though I have even there been followed sometimes by a hungry mosquito or two.

On the 9th of June, on exploring for a mile and a half to the right of our line, I found a

branch of the New Canaan River running to the S.W. sixteen feet broad, one and a half deep and about the M. XIV.; we reached this river, a beautiful clear stream, flowing briskly between banks covered with tall trees; fir, spruce and birch; on the margin of the stream, which resembled such as might be seen in a nobleman's domain, there were white and blue violets and strawberries. The breadth of the river was here about sixty feet, apparent rise of freshets five feet, rate of current about three miles an hour. There is sandstone in the bed of the stream and on the banks, and the abutments of a bridge might here be of stone. We forded the river, and caught chub and trout here, where might be the location of a few families. But fishing in gloves and through a veil, and with countless tormentors buzzing about one's head, is not very pleasant. The camphorated oil helped a little, but it required constant renewing. At meals the men used the last bit of pork to grease their faces with. From that process and from smoke they did not look very prepossessing, still they were

better looking than those woodsmen who, to protect their faces, use tar and oil, and so resemble negroes.

There is a bush story of a negro who, for a bottle of rum, agreed to strip to the waist and lie on his face to be bitten for a quarter of an hour by the mosquitoes at the Joggins of New Brunswick. He endured his pests manfully, and had nearly won his prize, when one of the lumbermen who stood by, laid on him a small piece of live charcoal, when the negro wriggled and twisted about frightfully; at last, unable to hold out any longer, he jumped up, calling out 'Wooh! not bargain for dat; dat is draagon fly!' Lumbermen play sad tricks to the negroes sometimes; at a coloured tea drinking, a lumberman slipped 'a plug' of tobacco into the kettle, when an old negress who presided called out 'mo water! mo water! too 'trong for missa 'tomach.'

On the 12th of June we were on the edge of a large cariboo plain of a hundred and more acres, and afterwards crossed with our line a part of it. It might be avoided altogether, if

required, by a trifling detour to the right. Water was scarce after leaving this Savannah, and we searched about and dug for it with our hands and axes for some time before we got any. One way I adopted was to dig a hole in the moss and make a couple of men stamp round it and so squeeze the water into the hole.

On the 13th of June we passed over two fertile tracts where settlements could be made. The trees were birch, beech, pine, larch, fir, red oak, maple, &c., marked M. XVII. on a spruce in a small barren between the fertile tracts. We had now a good deal of thunder and rain which saved our moss treading. At M. XX. on the 15th, we came to a very fertile meadow of unknown extent, but where fifteen or twenty families might be well settled near our line, I explored for a mile and a half up a clear stream to the right, and the land was good all the way. There were traces of bears, porcupines, cariboo, &c., where I went, but no traces of Indians, or of any human being having ever visited these solitudes.

The black bear is irritable, and attacks vigorously when molested. It is impossible to hurt him by striking at him with a club, as he so dexterously wards off the blows from his head with his fore paws, as if he had been taught boxing, whilst to strike his thick, hairy and fat body, would inflict as little injury on him as striking a sack of grain; fire-arms are best to settle him, but it is cruel to molest any wild thing unless pressed by hunger. A New Brunswick woodsman wantonly and incautiously threw his axe at a bear which was passing near where he was at work, and wounded the animal. He turned and rushed upon him open-mouthed; the man fell backward over a log, and as he fell tore out a sharp pointed knot out of the rotten wood, thrusting this down the bear's throat, he killed him, but before this the animal had given him a terrible claw down the stomach with one of its hind feet. His antagonist got up with difficulty, and walked home three miles, holding in his bowels, and he died in a day or two afterwards.

At M.XXI. we found a fountain of clear water, which I called "the black spring," welling out of rich black mould in a sort of yard formed by the treading of wild beasts, and where the trees were spruce, fir, birch, ash, and maple. After passing over land of good and of middling quality, on the 19th of June, we reached a fair meadow of excellent land, with a fine stream running through the midst. We saw about eighty acres clear of trees, and it probably extended much further on our left. Its value near a town would be at least two hundred dollars an acre. This meadow is at M.XXVIII. I heard one of the men say to his comrade, "This is first rate; we must keep this to ourselves, and come back here and marry and settle."

After this we were on a ridge of very noble trees of the ancient forest, where there were no marks of former fires. The trees of one hundred and ten feet in height, as fir, pine, maple, beech and hemlocks, rose from the ground like the pillars of a pagan temple.

On the 21st of June, after crossing a blazed

line, being that run in 1841 from Shediac to the N.W. angle of Westmoreland, and dividing Kent and Northumberland counties from Westmoreland, we reached with our line within half a mile (and to the north) of the N.W. angle of Westmoreland. This I hope will be considered reasonably good steering from the Bend,—distance thirty-three miles in twenty-five days, including the halts on the Sundays.

CHAPTER VI.

A good line of country for road-making—How the woods are cleared and roads made—Proposals for settlement—Royal Acadian Rangers—Leave the camp to bring provisions—Encounter burnt land—Savannah grouse—Miserable bivouack—Reach the new Canaan settlement—It is described—Return towards the camp—Discover a lake in the woods—Wolves about the camp—Venomous insects—Continue the line—The lynx—An ugly lizard—A land of streams—Extravagant estimate by engineers—A forest well—Silver fountain—Reach the Salmon River.

GENERALLY speaking, no line of country could be better adapted for road-making than the thirty-three miles we passed over, by cutting our way through the greater portion of them. The country is flat, there is abundant material

everywhere for the road, as sand, gravel, stones; the swamps were small and could be easily crossed or turned; that is, a trifling *détour* to the right or left would clear them, but as they are not in general of any great depth, by cutting down the trees in them and leaving the roots, laying fascines or faggots, and covering them with gravel, the road might traverse the swamps without difficulty, and thus keep its straight course.

Very few bridges would be required on this line of country; one only would be attended with any cost, that over the New Canaan River; and a wooden one there, with log abutments and stringers, king-posts and braces, would only cost from £150 to £200. At this time, work could be done very reasonably in New Brunswick; money was scarce, and as the people saw clearly the great advantage that would result from the contemplated road, they would very willingly engage on it. The average cost would not exceed a dollar and a half for a rod of 16½ feet, or say £200 a mile; that is, for a clearing through the forest of 100 feet, 22 of

this being the road-way with ditches on each side of it, the materials from which "turnpike" the road; the rest of the clearing being the "skirting," to admit sun and wind.

Trees are sometimes cleared off in this wise. The roots of the tree to be got rid of are cut, which is not difficult, as in the forest the roots extend laterally and near the surface; by means of a ladder, a block and tackle are fixed high up the tree, and brought down to the roots of a neighbouring tree, when a span of bullocks pulls down the first tree.

The best way to get roads made, if not done by military and civil labour combined, under active and constant superintendence, is to advertise for tenders, selecting only those contractors whose character and means will enable them to carry through the work, who are not always those who make the lowest tenders. After the "grubbing out" of the roots and stones, a very careful inspection should be made to ascertain that nothing has been covered over which would rise with the frost. After which, the "turnpiking" can go on. Great roguery has

sometimes been practised by contractors covering up roots, &c. English superintendents have been imposed on in this way.

There would be no difficulty in establishing settlers along the line of road from the Bend; such are of course indispensable along a road at intervals, to keep it clear of snow in winter, by means of the simple snow-plough, like the letter A, laid on the ground and drawn by horses or bullocks.

It is not desirable to *dot* settlers along a line of road; communities are best for mutual help and comfort, and for the advantage which the vicinity of schools and a church afford. free grants of a hundred acres each (alternately with Crown reserves), would attract good farmers from Scotland and the North of England and Ireland. Those of the New Brunswickers who have been much engaged in lumbering, are not very fond of farming, yet there are many good and industrious men among the old settlers.

I do not think that it would be necessary to pursue the Wakefield plan of settlement here, by selling the Crown Lands to pay the passage

of emigrants. Emigrants can be brought to New Brunswick for £4 a-head. *The sale of the Crown Lands might pay for new and good roads,* what New Brunswick chiefly requires, settled as it is now only along its coasts; and it is supposed, that with new roads through the interior, the population would be doubled in seven years.

In 1844, the population of New Brunswick was about 120,000. The province was backward, for the neighbouring State of Maine, with the same climate, and the land not so good, and settled at the same time, numbered 250,000 souls. Maine was also heavily taxed, whereas in our province the taxes were almost nominal. A man in debt on the St. John's, fled to the States, but he came back after a year, finding that the taxes in Maine amounted to more than the interest of his debt. It is now expected and believed, that New Brunswick will take a start forward, as it becomes better known.

If poor Irish emigrants were established along the line of the military road, even on free grants, they must be supplied with tools, and

be supported for two years. A man, his wife, and three children will require, say £30 worth annually, of pork, flour, salt-fish, tea, &c.; whereas, proper steps being taken by means of judicious agents, excellent settlers could be introduced, who could support themselves, and the road would be kept up with their statute labour.

Royal Acadian Rangers might easily be raised in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia (sons of old and loyal settlers), men accustomed to the woods, skilled in the use of the axe and of fire-arms, and whose local attachments would remove all fear of desertion. These might work on the military road, be settled on it, and defend the country when required. I would provide them with a light helmet of leather, dress them in neat frocks of red, the national colour (not in cutaway coatees), with dark blue facings and trowsers, and I would give them smooth barrels, and not rifles, a 3 lb. axe, and sword bayonet, a cross belt for the former, a powder-horn and ball-pouch, a *long* and light knapsack, containing one change of raiment and

a great coat. With woodsmen equipped in this style, and able to camp out and rough it in every way, most valuable service might be rendered.

Our provision bags had become very light, and it was now necessary to leave our line and try to find one of the *depôts*, viz. that at the New Canaan settlement, which I supposed must now be from twelve to twenty miles south of where we were. On the morning of the 22nd June, I placed the camp (which was on a brook running north, probably a branch of the Tyne River), in charge of the two oldest of the party, viz. Mr. Blair, and Segee, the first axeman, and after breakfasting on pork and bean-soup, to give us all the strength possible for a rough walk through the forest, I set off with Mr. MacGil and seven men, carrying empty bags, a couple of axes, and a small supply of provisions.

We first passed over land of middling quality, then reached a swampy barren, surrounded with hard wood ridges; the south ridge was covered with fine hemlock trees, three hundred years

old by their rings, maple, &c., then we arrived at a beautiful grassy meadow, through which a clear brook ran. Next we came to the largest Savannah or Cariboo plain we had yet seen. It was a mile broad, and we saw it extending three or four miles east and west; there were pools of water in it here and there; we sank to our middles, nearly, in some places, and we picked up fine specimens of the large flat horns of the cariboo, but which we were obliged reluctantly to leave.

After this, commenced a most difficult country; "burnt land," that is, forest land through which a fire had passed in 1827, two years after the great fire of Miramichi. As far as the eye could reach, the naked and grey stumps of the trees were standing up on all sides of us, or were lying in confused "raft-like" heaps across our course, and some of them were black and considerably charred. There was young growth of balsam, spruce, &c., among the prostrate trunks. It would be exceedingly difficult to clear a road through woods such as these, which had so recently been burnt, but those

over which the fire had passed eighty years ago, such as we had seen between the Bend and the N.W. angle of Westmoreland, would be very easily managed. The old trunks are quite rotten, and the second growth could be cleared away without difficulty.

We now scrambled over the fallen logs for about eight miles, and underwent great fatigue. It was impossible the men could have returned alive and with loads this way. Our progress was about one mile an hour. Sometimes we were moving along a log six feet from the ground. At another time we were thrown down with violence, having trodden on a rotten branch; in some places we could not see the length of our arm before us for the thick undergrowth, and were wounded by running against unseen stumps. I had not undergone such fatigue in the wilderness of Africa, where, however, we had always a friendly bullock at hand ready to carry us when tired of walking.

Savannah grouse, which we saw with young broods, were so tame in these solitudes (*intactæ securi*, where no timber had ever been felled),

that they ruffled up to us to defend their offspring which perched on the low bushes. The men caught in their hands the mothers whilst pecking at our legs, but I would not allow the poor things to be molested.* In the afternoon we ate a slice or two of cold pork and a biscuit, washed down with water.

After this the heat was great, then it began to rain, and so continued all the afternoon and night. We crossed a good-sized stream, running S.W.W., a branch of the New Canaan, and at half-past seven o'clock we reached a cedar-post, on which were the words, "Queens," "Kings," and "West," meaning, Queen's, King's, and Westmoreland counties. We now looked anxiously about for some sign of a settlement, but found none. I pulled my belt to the last hole, and we continued south by the compass to try and reach the New Canaan River. We struggled on through the bush very hungry,

* Since writing the above, I find that Mr. St. John, that prime sportsman and most pleasant writer, and whose acquaintance I made "under the shadow of Ben Nevis," observed the same happen in the wilds of Scotland.

and our red flannel shirts and homespun trowsers drenched with rain and perspiration; at nine o'clock it became very dark, and we were at last obliged to halt under some tall trees.

We made a fire with difficulty (all our matches and paper having got soaked with rain): after trying for half an hour, it was effected at last by cutting off a piece of bark, and rubbing on it some dry wood. I gave all the cover I could spare to the men, but they spent the night most uncomfortably in their wet clothes, they sat and stood round the fire, drying their wet socks: thinking themselves very hardy, and knowing that they had loads to carry back, and expecting to sleep in a house, they had declined to take their blankets with them. André and myself took ours, and we had a sound sleep of five hours.

At four next morning we heard the welcome crow of a cock not far off, and rousing ourselves we joyfully reached a house (I. J. Ryder), within a quarter of a mile of our bivouack. Going a little further, where we heard we might get something solid to eat, we reached the

house of an old and respectable New Canaan settler, Mr. Ryder, Sen., who had set up his staff here since 1797. After a fast of twenty hours, we made a large hole in the abundant breakfast of eggs, pork, &c., set before us by the worthy dame, Mrs. Ryder; but who was uneasy all the while, and wondered why her son Benjamin had stayed out all night. "Courting, I suppose; or at a dance," I suggested. "There is no dancing or singing in this settlement," replied the old lady, gravely; at which I wondered.

Whilst the men were enjoying a delicious sleep, of which they were so much in want, I talked with the old settler. He informed me that he had four hundred acres of land, and that he raised at the rate of twenty bushels of wheat from two of seed-corn, twenty-four bushels of potatoes from three per acre; that the settlement of New Canaan consisted of thirty scattered families, in a very fertile valley on both sides of the river, which was their high-road. From his account, it appeared that the first settlers had poled their canoes up stream

from the Washademoak, and took root when they came to the interval land where we now were. The settlers of New Canaan are all Baptists, and I believe they are all a very moral and a religious people; they raise wheat, potatoes, &c., and raft timber to the St. John's market.

Singular to say, no Governor had ever visited the retired New Canaan settlement. It is likely, however, that the present one, Sir Edmund Head, who is very indefatigable in exploring for the benefit of the province, will find out this interesting community in the depths of the forest. I asked "Have you a minister here?"

"None," was the reply, "but we hold prayer meetings regularly among ourselves. The old women are our doctors; there is neither store nor post-office here, and no lawyer;" all which was strange enough.

On inquiring after coal, I was informed that "junks" of it are occasionally brought down the New Canaan stream, and that a bed of some

thickness is known fifteen miles below the settlement.

I found my store of provisions had been left at a Mr. I. J. Macdonald's, and was all safe there, twenty miles from my camp. We broke bulk, and took out 300 lbs. weight of "stuff," giving 50 lbs. to each of the men—all they could well manage, considering the difficulties we had again to encounter in getting back to camp, and I hoped to get on with this supply to our second *depôt*. Next day I breakfasted with a hospitable miller, Mr. Allan MacDonald, who, with a Mr. Atwood, agreed to show me how to avoid eight miles of burnt woods. I asked Mrs. MacDonald, Sen., how many grandchildren she had, and she replied, "Oh! dear man, it would take me all day to reckon!"

In one or two of the houses there was a curious round table, which turned up when not used for meals, and the supports formed a comfortable arm-chair.

I gave the men a day and a half's rest in the sweet and peaceful valley of the New Canaan,

where horses and cattle were rejoicing in excellent pasture; during which they repaired their torn clothes, arranged the packs, ground their axes, &c. But it does not do "to tarry long in Capua" when work is to be done; accordingly, on the morning of the 25th of June, after filling up with milk and a biscuit, we set off with the two guides. They first took us five miles by a lumber-road through the burnt woods. After which we steered N.E. by compass through "greenwoods," on very good land.

We then passed a small Savannah, after which we unexpectedly reached a lake of a circular shape, surrounded with trees, and one mile and a half in circumference, which our guides (who still continued with us, though no longer of service) had never seen or heard of before. There were many ducks on this wild lake; a bear passed into the bushes on our right, and we crossed a stream proceeding from the lake towards the east.

After getting up to our middles, and crossing with considerable difficulty a very swampy

Savannah at 6 P.M., the men were beginning to doubt our ever reaching the camp. They, however, willingly persevered with a little encouragement, on my going a-head with the compass; and at last, we joyfully struck again our out-going track. We reached the camp at 8 P.M., after another rough walk of twenty miles, and found Mr. Blair and Segee alive and well.

Wolves began to prowl about our camp about this time, but they are manageable when not in packs; nevertheless, their presence is at all times disagreeable, and it is desirable to keep one's axe and rifle handy whilst lying in the woods, with the feet to the fire, when the midnight-howl of these creatures resounds through the dark forest.

In some parts of New Brunswick they are very troublesome, and six dollars is the reward given for every head, and only three for a bear's. There are two kinds of wolf, the grey and the black; the first is the most common, and he measures, when full grown, six feet long, including his bushy tail, stands three feet high,

and weighs 100 lbs. One man had lately lost twenty-nine out of thirty sheep, near the St. John's, by these animals; and another man, whilst going home in the evening with a sleigh and pair of horses, saw a gaunt wolf come out of the woods and howl, presently a dozen more appeared, and immediately charged the sleigh. The man shouted, whipped on his horses, which smarting galloped off wildly. The wolves rushed about them and on and over the sleigh, uttering cries of rage and hunger, till the man reached a clearing, when the disappointed pack made off. It was a narrow escape for the poor fellow; as was also that of a skater, who was perseveringly followed on the ice of a New Brunswick river, for twelve miles, by a single wolf in the dusk, till the light of a house appeared, when the wolf gave up the pursuit.

One of the ways to catch wolves is to build a small square room of logs, with a hole at the top, like a large mouse-trap; the animal jumps through the hole to get at the bait, and cannot

make his way out again; when discovered in durance he sulks, cowed in a corner.

Our guides through the burnt woods, having blazed, or marked the trees in the green woods to find their way back from our camp, now left us with a small present, having come so far to see our forest-camp, and to try and discover "sticks" for lumber. Making a day's indispensable halt to recruit the men after their late severe toil, we laid a new course of N. 60° W., and breaking up the camp on the 27th of June, we began clearing and chaining for the Salmon River. With lighter loads we now made two miles a-day.

The venomous black-flies continued as bad as ever. I sometimes thought the men would have thrown down their packs, and run off in their distraction till they dropped.

I explored to the north, and found a stream running to the N.E., about ten feet broad and two feet deep, possibly a branch of the Tyne River. About this stream there was old forest-land, seemingly well-fitted for settlement, and

through which the military road would advantageously pass. The trees are hemlock, balsam, spruce, maple, and birch. There seemed to be about five miles of this good land here. "Settlers, attend!"

Next day after crossing the same stream, we camped on very dry land, and tramped the moss to squeeze out a little water. In the night and all next day, during which we unavoidably halted, we were drenched with rain, accompanied with loud claps of thunder and vivid lightning close to where we were cowering and trying to keep alive our fires. No work can well go on in rain. Before this the forest seemed so dry, that we were expecting some night to be roused by the roaring of the fire wind through the trees, and to find ourselves in the midst of a terrible conflagration. Two trees leaning and rubbing against each other with the wind, have been known to catch fire, but the carelessness of lumberers and Indians, more frequently occasions the mischief.

In these woods occasionally is seen the lynx,

with its stout active make, cat-like face, tufted ears, spotted legs, and short tail. When hurt, and not disabled, it turns on a man fiercely. Thus a party of woodsmen were out in the bush, and one of them, when separated from the rest, wounded a lynx. It immediately sprang at him; he turned and climbed a small tree, but it was unable to bear him out of reach of the enraged animal, which tore him dreadfully. His cries, after a time, attracted the notice of his comrades, who found him with his flesh in strips, from the knee downwards. He lived, but the beauty of his legs, the calves, had entirely departed.

We found in a decayed log in our rainy camp, a lizard of very disagreeable appearance. Its body was greenish, back red, and its length four inches. It had a heap of its eggs beside it. André called it *un ami d'homme,* for, he said, it tickled with its tail one's ear when danger was nigh. However, he added, if we drank the water in which this animal had been, it would poison us.

During our next day's work we crossed a

beaver meadow. Our course was now N. 56 West, and we reached a region of streams and rivers of bright and swift running water, and which substantial wooden bridges, costing thirty pounds, with abutments of unsquared logs, according to the custom of the country, would easily cross. If these have no Indian names, which should always be retained, as they convey an idea of the nature of the water, as Erie, the Mud Lake, &c., I proposed to call them after certain heads of departments at that time interested in these explorations, — the Stanley, the Murray, the Jackson, the Holloway, the Wetherall, &c.

After crossing the nameless stream twice on the 30th of June, I explored up its course to see if it could not be avoided altogether; but at the distance of half a mile, I found it was joined by another stream running from the south. These details may be of great use to future settlers. On the 1st of July, another nameless stream, twenty-two feet wide, and with a body of water four feet deep, ran across our line from the north, then we reached a fine

river thirty-five feet wide, and four deep, on whose banks were lofty hemlocks, spruce, balsam, birch, and poplar.

The freshets are probably inconsiderable here from the height of the banks, and a bridge might be put across it for one hundred and twenty pounds; and here I think it well to remark, that many useful works of this nature are not carried into execution in our colonies, because the estimate for them, according to English ideas, is much too high; for in a new and wooded country like British North America (though geologically the oldest in the world), we ought to work with wood till increased population enables brick and stone to be used. To show what extravagance old country engineers will sometimes run, one gave in an estimate, which I saw, for a *cut stone* bridge at the Grand Falls of the St. John's, when there was only a hamlet there, which was to cost seventy thousand pounds; whereas a stout bridge, sufficient for immediate purposes and to last many years, might be flung across the ravine there for two thousand pounds.

We saw here many signs of lumbering, but no human being had appeared on our line since we left the neighbourhood of the Bend. Consequently we could gain no information of the country, except what we collected ourselves. Possibly the river we saw now is called "Coy's Brook" by the lumberers: it deserves a better name.

Through the old forest land on the north bank of this river, the expense of road making would amount to double what would generally be required. Instead of seven shillings and sixpence currency a rod, it would here cost twelve shillings and sixpence or fifteen shillings, as the hemlocks, &c., are at least three hundred years old and difficult to remove; four thousand feet of boards might be got out of an acre of this land.

We sometimes made our camp beside a forest well, the hollow formed by the upturned root of a large tree, which often contained good water, whilst a wall of earth stood over it, from which the roots flung themselves aloft like the trunks of elephants. In the thick

forest, the roots are spread out laterally to find nourishment and moisture for the tree; which thus, unlike trees in a clearing (fully and beautifully developed, and with good hold on the ground), is very liable to be blown down.

The present Governor-General of British North America, the Earl of Elgin, at a late meeting of the Mercantile Library Association at Montreal, gave the following forest illustration in alluding to the advantages of self-reliance, "We may derive," said his Excellency, "a lesson and an example from the process of vegetable life; for just in proportion as the tree rises from the earth, as it extends its branches and multiplies its leaves, as it enters into freer communion with the gates of heaven, receives in a larger measure the dews of the morning, and the heat of the noon-day sun, just in that proportion does it strike its roots deeper into the earth, and clings more tenaciously to the soil, from which it derives the springs of life and vigour far and wide; if it were otherwise, that elevation, how fair soever the show

that accompanied it, would but prove the sure prelude to its fall."

On the 2nd of July we reached a fountain of fine water welling out abundantly under large trees. We called it "Silver Fountain," a name it well deserves, and which Mr. MacGill carved on a tree beside it. We now approached the Salmon River, and having been previously told that we were there likely to encounter difficult ground, I was not taken by surprise, when on the 4th we reached a descent of one hundred and sixty-five feet in length, with an angle of depression of twelve degrees. We reserved this for a careful exploration after camping, which we did on the banks of this, about forty-five miles from the Bend.

The Salmon River, rising in the county of Kent, near the Richebuctoo River, has a course of between fifty and sixty miles before it joins the waters of the Grand Lake. In the upper river its banks are uncleared and unsettled, and as yet only partially so near and below the forks of the Gaspereau branch, and near the Grand Lake where there are many beds and veins of

coal. Where we first saw the Salmon River there were large trees along its margin; its breadth was one hundred and ten feet, and depth, at this time, four or five feet: the bottom was of sandstone. Blue jays flew about, and wild roses adorned the banks. Soon after we camped, a large salmon sprang vigorously from the water as it passed up the stream.

CHAPTER VII.

Explore about the Salmon River—North and South American forests compared—A fearful judgment—Construct two catamarans—Voyage down the river—An original settler—Bad effects of saw-mills—The squirrel bath—Reach our second depôt—Proceed up the Gaspereau — Fleming, the dragoon — Nocturnal torments — The Cariboo — Rejoin the party—The settler Roberts—The banks of the Gaspereau—A rainy camp—Consequences of brown biscuit—The great fire at Miramichi—The burnt woods—Beaver sign—Cain's River—A river serpent—Distress of the party—One half embark on the Cain, the other half continue the line to Boiestown.

Hooks and lines were now distributed among the party, and soon a fine dish of trout and chub was frying on the fire. I walked down the stream (which afforded a

delicious bath) to look for a ford to cross over with the packs, and I found an excellent bed of sandstone, horizontally stratified, and well fitted for quarrying, so that a bridge here might have stone abutments; with these the cost might be £500, and with wooden abutments £300. What I took for a ford at a distance was a "flat rapid" with a considerable depth of water running over a smooth bed of rock.

After our mid-day meal, I returned with Mr. Blair to explore all round, and about the steep descent before mentioned. We climbed the hill to the left of the line, and wound up by a course which a road might follow. We then explored to our right, looking east and west along the brow of the descent. Here for a considerable distance a practicable course was found for the road. or the line of a lumber road might be followed, which we traced to a "brow" or portion of the river's bank cut away for "timber driving," below our line. We then returned across our line, and I ascended a tall spruce. I saw to the west a vast bank of

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green forest before me, on our course, beyond the Salmon River, and without any apparent savannahs, prairies, or ridges; no curling smoke rose above the trees anywhere; all was lightless and silent.

How different to this were the gorgeous forests of South America, which I had previously seen; where the giant trees, among which towered the kingly palm with its crown of green feathers, were bound together with garlands of the wild vine, and decked with the flowers of parasitical plants, whilst the loud hum of insect life was constantly heard, and birds of brilliant plumage and nimble monkeys gave animation to the scene.

But there was danger with all this beauty and variety. The cayman lay by the river's bank; immense boas were coiled near the swamps, poisonous snakes, centipedes and large hairy spiders lurked about the herbage, and at night there was the prowling jaguar and vampire bat ready to drain one's blood, when asleep in the slung hammock under the trees.

I mentioned "a brow" to which the lum-

berers drag the logs; they roll them down this to the water's edge, where stakes confine them till the mass of timber is ready for rafting. A fearful judgment befel a dissolute master lumberer at one of these brows. He had called on his "gang" to work on Sunday, and "cut down the brow" to let the logs into the river; they refused, and he swore he would work on Sunday, though the Almighty stood on the brow and forbade him; then going below in his rage he cut away a stake incautiously, when the whole mass rolled over him, and crushed him in a moment.

It now became necessary to navigate the Salmon River to get the party and baggage across, and to enable me to go down the stream for some distance to examine the sites for a bridge, and to visit, with three men, the second *depôt* of provisions I expected to find somewhere on the river—my agents at St. John's could not exactly say where.

Our plan was to construct a couple of catamarans or small rafts of spruce trees. The five logs for each catamaran were cut eight

feet long; then a double row of auger holes were bored in the logs near their ends; cross pieces were laid between the holes; a withe of twisted hazel was passed through the holes and over the cross pieces, and was then firmly pegged down. A seat raised on pegs in the middle served to keep the things dry, and this primitive craft was completed with ten feet poles for propelling it.

In the evening the mosquitoes were excessively annoying till we made "smokes" with wet moss. On the morning of the 5th of July, after having explored a mile and a half up the stream on the right bank, I saw all the baggage safely poled across on the rafts, and left it in charge of Mr. Blair, Mr. MacGill and five of the party, who were also to carry on the line a short distance. I then embarked on one of the rafts with André, and poled down the stream, followed by two men, Brown and Kilpatrick on the other raft.

We went on in uncertainty, not knowing but that we might meet with a cataract before long. We listened occasionally and watched for the

appearance of a spray cloud. Altogether there was a good deal of excitement on this river voyage, whilst a pleasant breeze blew against us, which we found very refreshing. There was hardly any current above the various rapids, and the poling was hard, but shooting the rapids was agreeable enough; a good look out being kept to avoid, and to push the raft clear of the large granite boulders in them.

The woodland scenery of the river was very beautiful. In some places there were natural bowers formed with the elm-trees, and the banks were clean and free from swamp or weeds. We passed also good interval or low land, capable of cultivation.

After some stout poling, we reached the first clearing and the hut of a settler. Being curious to see what manner of man he was, and to ask about our downward course, we pushed on shore, and a very "original" settler came out of a potatoe field where he had been hoeing, to meet us. He was a stout and wild looking fellow, grim with hair and dirt, a month's beard was on his face, on his head was an

old and well-wrinkled straw hat, a linen and a red flannel shirt covered his upper man, his trowsers being very deficient in buttons, were kept up "ascanse" his person, by means of one suspender. They had originally been white, but they were so covered with overlying patches of blue and grey cloth, that it was not easy to make out the proper colour, and there was considerable *débris* about the ankles.

He apologized for having no shoes on, as something had bitten him he said.

This sturdy and good-natured settler was a Nova Scotian, with an Irish wife, who showed herself at the door of the hut with five nearly naked children about her, that ran in and out of a hole, where their bed was, like young rabbits.

I have seen gentlemen settlers very careless in their apparel after a few years in the bush, but as an unwashed and unshaven specimen of humanity, this "original" beat every one that ever was seen before "gentle or simple," ex-

cept the Irish boy whose father had repaired his trowsers with an old straw hat.

We passed more rapids and three other settlers' places in ten miles: there were patches of cultivation amidst great fertility of soil and uncleared forest; and then we found ourselves gliding past the remains of a demolished mill dam. Our voyage had now lasted five hours, and though I possessed the feelings of independence which the red shirt and mocassins inspire, and though there were no flies, the day being cloudy, and our progress altogether agreeable, yet it was now mid-day, and we were excessively hungry from the severity of our labour and from the fresh river breeze. I saw no better site for a bridge than where we had encamped. We landed below the late dam, and made a very hearty meal on milk, bread, butter, and herrings (novelties to us after so much pork and biscuit), these "delicacies" we partook of at Mr. Pascol's house, who lately owned two saws at the mill here.

Pushing off again, in search of our *depôt*,

we stuck fast for some time on a rapid, after passing a high bluff with deep water below it. Hence we saw many farms on the three miles to the Forks of the Salmon and Gaspereau Rivers. Across the mouth of the latter there was a high dam, blocking up the stream, and preventing entirely the shoals of Gaspereau or fresh water herrings, as in times gone by, proceeding beyond the Forks. A saw-mill was in full operation, and recklessly emptying its slabs (the outside cuttings of logs) and sawdust into the Salmon River, thereby assisting to fill up its bed by collecting sand and mud in addition to the saw-dust (much disliked by the salmon as it gets into their gills) whilst the freshets heaped the intervale land with rotten slabs.

I think no man in authority, or who had the power to prevent the establishment of a saw mill on a river, would ever allow it to exist if he were to see the evils caused by it in this instance. Formerly the Gaspereau fish used to be taken from the river in baskets full, now

there is not one to be seen. The poorer settlers who have established themselves on the river, might make out half their living by means of fresh fish, if the mill dam did not exist. And some of those men who work saw mills "grind the faces of the poor," by the truck system of payment, and by the two and three hundred per cent. of profit they demand for necessaries, &c. furnished to the settlers—as tea at six shillings, which in St. John's costs two shillings the pound; tobacco at two shillings, which costs sixpence; molasses at four shillings the gallon, which cost one shilling and threepence. It would be advisable, for the sake of future settlement, that the water privileges, so much abused on this and other rivers, be purchased back by the Government, or be abolished by some means or other; say by lateral mill races. No doubt deals must be sawn for building houses, but they could be made without utterly destroying a clear, broad, and swift river, with fertile banks, like the river Gaspereau.

Besides, it is no advantage to the timber,

intended for a distant market, to be sawn up so far inland, then rafted down stream and taken in wet by the wood boats, and thus conveyed to a port. The rafting of deals has a tendency to rot them, whereas if the logs are taken entire to St. John's, they are sawn up there, and shipped dry and in good order for the home market. I have entered on the subject of saw mills at greater length than may be thought necessary in this place, but I deem it one of great importance, as connected with the prosperity of present and future settlers in new countries.

Below the Forks, the Salmon River became too deep for poling, and hearing that our provisions were still seven miles further down, we left our catamarans, and borrowing a canoe from a settler, Mr. Austin, who would take nothing for the hire of it, we paddled down stream, past islands and intervale-land, and some clearings, before we reached Mr. John Darragh's, where the *depôt* had been established. As at

New Canaan, we had thus come twenty miles for our provisions from our camp.

It is understood that squirrels swim rivers; sometimes, it is said, on a piece of bark, using their tails as a sail. To-day we saw one enjoying himself in the water with a bath. He jumped off a branch into the water and swam about quite happy. I took him for a bull-frog at first, till I saw him spring from the water and shake his tail and chirrup blithely after his refreshment.

Mr. Darragh was a respectable man, living and thriving on his own farm. He had a young wife and several children. All were employed; the wife with her loom, the eldest daughter helped her and took care of the younger children; the eldest boy was hoeing in the field, and the good man came up from the river with a fine bunch of gaspereau. Mr. Darragh complained of his intervale land being covered with slabs from the saw mill after freshets, and of the navigation of the

Salmon River being obstructed from the same cause.

I passed the night with the worthy couple. Next morning set in for rain, but as the wind blew fresh up stream, and I was anxious to rejoin the party above, we loaded Mr. Darragh's canoe with four hundred and fifty pounds of biscuit, pork, &c., in barrels. Sending back what remained to St. John's, and taking the canoe in tow, with Mr. Darragh in it to steer, we paddled up stream to the mills. I hired here, for two dollars, a couple of strong horses and two men to conduct them, and emptying the provisions into the bags we had brought with us, they were slung on the horses' backs, and we carried them six miles up the Gaspereau by bye-roads and lumber-roads. We passed another saw mill, out of which an ugly fellow came with an adze on his shoulder. He had a fat yellow face and red eyes, his lips were chapped, and his teeth green from the abuse of tobacco. Coming up to me, he inquired, "Yez are cutting a road, is'nt yez?"

Hearing that there was an old soldier, named Fleming, who would be likely to give us shelter, and who was looked on as a great warrior in those parts, from the stories he told of his service in the Irish rebellion of '98, we went to his cottage, some miles up the river, and asked for quarters, which he very readily granted.

Fleming had been a corporal in the 7th Dragoon Guards, had fought and bled for his country, and was a fine specimen of an old trooper. He and his old wife were very civil and kind to me, and after supper, offered me a share of their son's bed. I preferred to bivouack on the floor, but in new countries, and among the poorer settlers, the barn is the best place for the traveller, where my men took up their position. I envied them, for I was quickly covered with large fleas, which came out of the sand; I was nearly devoured, and got no sleep; neither had I any the night before. Whilst fearfully tormented with insects of great size and industry, possibly the *pulex gigas*, I was

reminded of Dante's souls in suffering, in that silent, dimly lighted city, and in coffins with the lids laid open, and about which flames played:

> "Tutti li lor coperchi éran sospesi,
> E fuor n' uscivan si duri lamenti,
> Che ben paréan di miseri e d' offesi."
>
> DANTE'S INFERNO, CANTO IX.

I ought to have been rather "used up" from fatigue and want of rest by this time; however, there was no leisure as yet to refresh, and leaving Brown and Kilpatrick in charge of the provisions, I set out with my henchman to go up stream three miles, and then walk through the woods towards the Salmon River to meet the party coming on. André was provided with his gun; I carried, for lightness, only my axe. After a hot walk through forest land of middling quality, a large male cariboo with a fine head of horns passed close before us. We pursued him for some distance, as I was anxious to give my men a treat of fresh meat,

for they had had none since we left the Bend; but "the hoofs saved the head."

One cannot expect to shoot much game with an exploring party like ours, when there is so much chopping, hewing, and blazing on the line, and I had no intention of "sporting" when I undertook my present duty. I apologise for not here killing a fat buck.

We reached the camp, and found all well. The country, for the eight miles traversed by our line, between the Salmon and Gaspereau Rivers, is flat, and a road could be easily and cheaply made across it, say for one hundred and thirty pounds a mile. I heard from a lumberer on the Salmon River, that there are good hard wood ridges, not far off our line, of a thousand acres of good land "in one block, &c." It is certain that explorations made at intervals, and at right angles to our line, would disclose much good land for settlement. Lumberers would be glad, too, of the chance of "timber hunting."

Continuing the line westward, we descended to the Gaspereau by a steep bluff, and encamped on a small extent of intervale land, on the east bank, about nine miles above "the Forks." We got up our provisions by a canoe from Flemings, and as a proof how scarce money was in these parts, on my sending two dollars for some potatoes, &c., I had got for the two men left at the house, Mrs. Fleming kissed the dirty notes, and she had previously told me that she had not seen the face of Her Majesty on a shilling for three years.

To find out how best to cross the river with the road, to overcome the difficulties of bluffs one hundred and fifty feet high, I explored two lumber roads leading eastward from the water, and I found that by bringing the road with a course to the right, and above our line, an easy descent might be made to a bridge which might cost two hundred pounds, the rise of freshets being six feet. The ice "jams" are sometimes dangerous in the Gaspereau, but avoiding where they usually take place, and providing the bridge

with pointed and well loaded piers sloping upwards, there would be no fear of accidents to the structure.

The first settler who had crossed our line, in a course of fifty-four miles from the Bend, now appeared in the person of a Mr. Joseph Roberts, who, carrying on his shoulder a seventy-pound bag of Indian corn, ("the invaluable yellow meal," which even many of the gentry in Ireland have lately been glad to use), was proceeding from the mills below to his solitary farm, four miles above where we were, and the highest on the Gaspereau.

I invited Mr. Roberts to our table, (a log or a stone), and in the course of conversation with him, he mentioned that we would probably have to cross McKean's Brook, a considerable stream flowing into the Gaspereau from the west, and with high and difficult banks, or "gulfs," as he termed them. By making a portage across a bend of the river above us, and getting north of the mouth of the brook, he thought we would get on level land, and

avoid the "gulfs" altogether. To ascertain if this was correct, I set out with him, crossed to an upper reach of the river, forded it where it was about knee-deep, swift, and one hundred and twenty feet broad, ascended an opposite height, saw that the land westward was flat and good; then sliding down a very steep bluff to McKean's Brook, crossed its mouth, and returned towards our camp by the west bank of the river.

I had seen where there is a seam of coal, three miles below our camp, and Mr. Roberts thought there might be gold (!) near his place, as an earth of a bright yellow colour, probably ochre, oozes out there with water, between sandstone rocks. Geological researches would be highly interesting, towards the sources of the Gaspereau, Salmon, and New Canaan Rivers; yet it would be hard work, poling a canoe against the stream, making portages, &c. In the evening, Mr. Roberts shouldered his meal, and we saw him no more.

A tall and stout Yankee, like a life-guardsman, now came up to see what we were about. He was communicative, and told, among other things, how he had been lost for five days in the woods of the Oromoocto, when timber-hunting, and had subsisted on the Labrador tea berry and leaves, till he found a lumberer's shanty, and a barrel of "stuff" in it which saved him. He was not a loyal subject of the Queen's, nor could it be expected. It was a pleasure to fall in with good and true men, which I did in New Brunswick, whose songs were of King George, the Duke of York, Nelson and the Nile.

I had seen altogether about ten miles of the Gaspereau. The soil on both banks is very good, well adapted for settlement; there are hard wood ridges and intervale land, and I heard a good account of the river beyond what I saw. Settlers and "squatters" are established here and there on the river. They are poor, being shut out from the world, and their sense

of morality is not improved by the roguery practised on them at the mills. "We are very poor and miserable at present," they said, "though living on good land; but if a road is made across our country, it will be of the greatest service to us." They stated that this year had been much worse for venomous flies than the five preceding ones. We had no reason to doubt this.

We now forded the Gaspereau on the 10th of July, which was not easy with loads, and the water running very strong over the smooth stones. We camped on the west bank, where we were detained for two days by heavy and constant rain, accompanied with thunder. On the morning of the 11th, when I awoke, my head and shoulders were drenched with rain, which had poured through the soaked awning; but by bathing all over, and with hard rubbing, all was well; however, one man, Brown, became very sick here from cold and wet, and another, Kilpatrick, cut his leg severely with an axe. I cured the first with tincture of rhubarb,

and six hours afterwards, Dover's powder. The other was properly plastered and bandaged, and became the chain-man, without a load, instead of John Blair, who now took a heavy load without a murmur.

We continued our progress westward, and on leaving the good land of the Gaspereau, we got to indifferent land above McKean's Brook. After a barren tract, we camped on the 12th of July among spruce and balsam, previously marking on a tree our fiftieth mile from the Mountain Settlement, and the fifty-seventh from the Bend.

On the 13th of July, after passing over a tolerably open country for two miles, we reached the upper Gaspereau. From this point to where we had first seen the Gaspereau, the river takes a considerable bend, and we had passed over the chord of the arc. Wild flowers, laure, and Labrador tea, were about the banks of the river, which was at this place eighty feet broad, and easily bridged. The stream was swift with occasional rapids, and we caught here

our third mess of trout and chub. Fire-flies enlivened the evening; and night-hawks flew around us.

I made now a discovery; to wit, that it is not advisable for an exploring-party in these woods to take brown biscuit with them. My biscuit was chiefly white, and of the best description; but I had been advised by one of the gentlemen employed on the N. E. boundary to take some brown also for health's sake. I brought two barrels of this from the *depôt* on Salmon River; but my woodsmen, accustomed always to white bread in the forest, did not relish the brown; they said there was no strength in it, though it was really very fresh and good, and had cost the same as the white.

It is true that our *portable* fare of pork, biscuit and tea, was inferior to what lumberers usually indulge themselves with in their *stationary* camps. There they bake for themselves soft bread, and have pork, potatoes, salt fish, pancakes and molasses to vary their

mess. Sometimes cooked potatoes and meat in one barrel, which they cut out with an axe in winter. Our fare could not have been other than what it was, because it was portable. As to the brown biscuit, Mr. MacGill reported to me there was grumbling about it. I, therefore, immediately called all hands, explained the state of the case to them, said they might eat the white bread as long as it lasted, that I meant to eat the white myself, that I hoped they would continue to work as cheerfully as they had hitherto done, and that when we got further on, I would send "a-head" to Boiestown on the Miramichi, for which we were now steering, for more bread to carry them through. After this they retired to their tents quite satisfied.

A considerable trial of strength and of endurance was now before us. We had reached the scene of the great Miramichi fire of 1825, when the country was ravaged and laid waste by the devouring element from the neighbourhood of the Bay of Chaleur to Fredericton.

This awful calamity took place in October, when the pine-forests, full of resin, are dried up by intense heat of the summer sun, and are then more liable to suffer from conflagration than at any other time. A furious west wind carried the flames, roaring like thunder through the woods, and a couple of hundred feet above the loftiest pines, towards Newcastle and Douglas on the Miramichi; the inhabitants abandoning their dwellings, which were quickly licked up by the fire, fled to the river, and embarked hastily in boats, canoes, and on logs, to find their way lower down to Chatham. Towns, villages, and the scattered shanties of the lumberers were reduced to ashes. Many people were surprised in the woods and perished; and it was calculated that five hundred must have been destroyed altogether, along with horses, cattle, sheep, wild animals of all sorts, and even salmon in the hot waters of the streams; whilst the great fire raged through many hundred square miles of magnificent forests.

An old woodsman said to me, "We wanted

that fire; from the Tobique to the Miramichi, the lumberers were very wicked; they gloried in their lumber, in their pine forests, and led very bad lives in their camps; and when they came into the settlements, they drank, gambled, and swore, and fought. Saturday and Sunday were all the same to them, and they cared for neither God, man, nor devil. The fire was a judgment on the land."

The leafless trunks, grey, and with charred "butts," now stood round us and on every side, like ghosts on the margin of the Styx, and we had to cut our way through, and to climb over with considerable exertion the prostrate trees, windfalls, entangled with second growth of birch, fir, &c.

On a small piece of intervale, beside a brook, there was beaver sign, and being particularly curious about beavers, for a reason stated in a former chapter, I went with one of the men to look for their houses. We soon found a strong dam constructed with wonderful skill and solidity across the stream, and beside it there was a large beaver-house. The flat dome of

clay was five yards across, fifteen in circumference, and four feet high, and it was covered with small sticks, probably for better concealment. As the house was deserted, I examined the exterior. There was the usual room below, with a wet floor, and above it the dry sleeping-places. Many of the small trees had been cut down, round the dam, for the winter food of this remarkable animal, which was given by a merciful Providence to the Indians for their food and clothing, and whose habits show such surprising sagacity and perseverance. We saw many traces of beaver on the line subsequently to this.

Blueberries were now very numerous in these open and burnt woods, which, when the berries were ripe, would attract bears and flocks of pigeons. We had a wet camp on the 14th of July, and it rained also on St. Swithin's morning; the rain blew in upon us into our open sheds. The men made great fires and dried themselves at them till the work was resumed.

The woods became worse and worse, full of what the Americans call "snarls," that is, large and small timber, branches and second growth interlaced, and in places six and seven feet high. Cutting through these, or carrying the packs over them, with the thermometer at eighty in the shade, was very severe labour, and we could not halt; we must proceed, or we should exhaust our supplies. I felt greatly for the poor men, who did not complain to me; but I overheard one say, "If this goes on, we shall be killed."

An open dry barren, clear of windfalls, at the end of a severe day's work was a god-send, and we reached a lake one thousand feet long, and with wild duck upon it. Here where they were most required, fir boughs were very scarce, and the beds were made with ferns. We missed the elasticity and freshness of the fir, which is only to be equalled by that Scottish heather beloved by the deer stalker. The back of one man, who stripped to go into the lake, was completely scored with his load. At

this place, the flies and musquitoes were particularly venomous and annoying. We were kept in constant torment by them, and next morning there were very stiff legs in the party from the burnt woods, and swelled faces from the flies. The boots, moccassins, and clothes showed also great rents. We were in truth a goodly company.

The first part of the day of the 16th of July, the woods were beautiful to look at—that is, they were full of groups of young birch trees, with their silver stems and fresh green leaves, five or six stems growing round the original grey and scorched parent trunk. When we attempted to pass among these "ladylike trees," the windfalls were found to be as numerous, and the "snails" as bad as ever; but we persevered with the axes, Mr. Blair, the oldest of the party, particularly exerting himself. "I wish the Queen and the Duke of Wellington could see us," said one of the party: if they had, they could scarcely have believed we were loyal subjects of Her Majesty, so grim and torn had

we become. Thus cutting our way and blazing and chaining, we got to a stream with steep banks twenty-five degrees descent and twenty ascent. I found a good place for bridging near the line, about two hundred yards south of it.

Beyond was a high growth of cherries indicating better land. Though the party was suffering greatly from the fatigue attending the burnt woods, yet overhead the weather helped us, for which we were very thankful. The day before there was no breeze; but it was a cloudy day; this day was bright, but a breeze refreshed us. At last we reached a grove of green woods, full of pigeons, which seemed attracted there by the excellent water of what we named "Dove Well." Thermometer at six A.M. sixty-two; at noon eighty; at seven P.M. sixty-four.

On the 17th, the burnt woods continued with second growth, birch and cherries; we crossed two small streams, and getting on a long level plain without water, with the sun very bright

and thermometer eighty in the shade, we rested for a while by creeping under some low bushes and ferns four feet high, where drawing from my havresack a pocket volume of the Iliad, I therewith tried to beguile the time, "Homer among the ferns."

Again a-foot, we made for Cain's or Etienne's River, a considerable stream, running N. E. towards the Miramichi, and four of the party, who were the lightest equipped, Mr. Blair, Mr. MacGill, Kilpatrick and myself, also André, the indefatigable Indian, with his load, reached the stream, by descending a nearly perpendicular "bluff" at four P.M. Then George Blair advanced with his load, and reported that he did not think the rest could come on that night at all; they were so "done up." However as they had all the provisions with them, I knew they were safe from starving.

We forded the river, which here was two hundred feet broad, with a swift stream, and the woods all burnt off the banks, and began

"making camp," so as to save the carriers as much as possible when they came up. At last they all appeared, but sorely distressed. The scene too had not a tendency to raise their spirits; the whole country was desolate and scathed with fire-weed, which shows itself on burnt lands, waving its crimson head in the wind. Black trunks and stumps, in strange grotesque forms, were scattered over the landscape.

Whilst looking for twigs and fern leaves to make our beds, a very thick and dark-coloured water snake, "the black snake," said to be poisonous, was observed about sixteen yards from the river. It was five feet long, and about nine inches round. André ran at it, and tried to kill it, as it moved towards the water, by vertically arching its body, like a caterpillar, and not by gliding in the usual manner of snakes. But he failed to make any impression on its tough skin with three blows of a stick, and it disappeared under a prostrate log.

A good dish of trout, our fourth since the Bend, was caught here, and I told the men not to disturb themselves in the morning, but to sleep as long as they pleased. I was in rather a singular plight myself, with two black eyes from the fly bites, forehead, neck, and ears bitten and swelled, red shirt and trowsers soiled with charcoal, and limbs considerably bruised from daily heavy falls in the burnt woods. I often wondered that the men, when they fell with their loads, did not break their necks or limbs, or were not irretrievably injured with their pointed knots.

As I said, the thermometer on the 17th had been at eighty degrees all day nearly, at sunset sixty-four degrees, but at three A.M., 18th, I was awoke with the cold, and a shirt left out to dry was stiff with frost at sunrise. When I was washing, Segee, the first axe man, and who was a Mormon by the way, came to me and said, "Sir, I wish to go on with you, but I cannot; I am completely done up; I am getting weaker every day, and I don't think I'll ever

reach Fredericton alive." I said I was very sorry for his case; that it was not to be wondered at, as the country had lately been so very difficult, and I asked him what he wished to do, and how I could help him. He replied that he had been lumbering on Cain's River before. He knew some settlers below, and he would try, if I gave him leave, to get to them on a raft, and remain with them till he got some strength.

As Segee was not the only one who was knocked up, I called the men together, and asked them "if there were any of them able to go on with me, and complete the survey to Boiestown, that the survey of the line must be completed, and that I could not see Fredericton without having done so. That it would be advisable to conceal here, or send down the river on rafts, all the heavy things, with some of the party, and then carry on the line with the rest." The result was that within an hour two rafts were constructed, and two half tents, the cooking apparatus, fishing tackle, forty

pounds of biscuit, clothes, ammunition, &c., were placed on them, and with Mr. Blair in charge, with a supply of money, Segee, Kilpatrick (still suffering from his leg), and John and George Blair to assist, pushed off and proceeded down the stream.

With a spare red flannel shirt and homespun trowsers each, forty pounds of biscuit, twenty of pork, some tea, a tea kettle, the remaining half tent (weighing ten pounds), compasses, one gun, four axes, &c., and accompanied by Mr. MacGill, the Indian André, Anderson, Brown and Pettey, I continued on the line. Unexpectedly the walking was much better than we had anticipated, the woods had been twice burnt; once since the great fire of '25. We were lightly equipped, our arms and legs were like nails, the breeze blew fresh, the spirits of the party rose, and though a mile of alder had to be cut through, we made out two and a quarter miles after mid-day, and before we camped.

With regard to the water-party, it was in-

tended that it should proceed down Cain's River till help could be got to cross to the Miramichi, and then to come up the main river either by waggon, or canoe, to Boiestown. I meant to go down the Miramichi in a canoe, and look out for and assist the party, in the event of its not reaching Boiestown as soon as the land party did.

Though there is no doubt great excitement whilst acting as a pioneer in new lands, exploring primæval forests, climbing unnamed hills, and drinking streams unknown to song; though the enthusiastic traveller—

> "Juvat integros accedere fontes
> Atque haurire, juvat novos desespere flores,"

yet it must be allowed that our present rough work was not such as would be frequently undertaken for pleasure. "Virtue" is said to be "its own reward," and we contented ourselves as best we could, with the consciousness of having done all that was possible for the

public service, and under discouraging circumstances.

The commencement of our work on the 19th of July was severe, as we had to cut our way and chain through a mile of alder bushes; afterwards the walking was good, the woods were well burnt off, the country was dry, open and clear, the soil of middling quality. Though it rained we did not halt, but covering the bread-bag with a small waterproof cloak we preserved it, and reached a fine brook twenty-six feet wide, which crossing, we camped by another a mile further on. To keep us from the damp ground, we cut and stripped off (with the assistance of a short stick) large circles of bark from several trees, and lay on them.

On the 20th we were soaked to our middles with the wet bushes, but we kept on doggedly, passed through burnt woods and two miles of beautiful green woods, in which we constantly met with Indian martin-traps, or "deadfalls;" a notch was cut in a stump, and cross pieces of

wood were arranged to fall on the martin, when it pulled at the bait in the notch. We now found great relief from the flies by carrying under the left arm a torch, made of long pieces of cedar-bark bound together and lighted. It smouldered slowly, and the smoke curled about our faces.

The soil was good in the green woods, and the trees were maple, spruce, balsam, pine, &c. After the green woods there were difficult alder beds, and small streams; but in road-making these might be avoided. We made out four miles and four rods this day; but with plenty of fir boughs we made a capital bed, on which the men slept very soundly; however, they were so determined to reach Boiestown, that for the first time, they were up before me next morning, and making ready for the day's work.

The 21st of July, the country still well burnt off, and with few bushes or stumps to blaze with the marking-axe, which I carried; this, with a compass, and in a havresack a sketch-book, and rough field-book, was my load. Mr.

MacGill, with a light load, a change of clothes, blanket, and rough field-book, attended to the chaining, assisted by Anderson, with a pack. André and Pettey with packs (which they threw off when they required to use their axes freely in the alder beds) went in front, Brown with a pack and the gun and tea-kettle, brought up the rear. All worked, notwithstanding their reduced condition, with the greatest zeal and willingness. If this sort of service had been described before, I would be more general in my account of it, and though it is I believe novel, I enter into details as briefly as possible.

After blazing a stump (and disturbing a hornets' nest below it) I ascended it, and saw the ridges on the west side of the great Miramichi River. The sight was a very cheering one, after toiling so long in the shade, where our view was so limited. We then came to Burnt-Land Brook, a fine clear and brisk running stream, seventy-five feet wide, and one foot deep; by keeping up stream, it could easily be bridged. We had been told that the hills

about this stream were impassable; that we would require ropes and ladders to descend them, and that the road never could be taken over the brook near our course. We therefore looked out for these difficulties with some anxiety, but they vanished, as usually happens, when one faces them. Certainly, in our course of N. 56°, 30′ W., we came to a very steep "bluff" of 30° depression, and length of descent two hundred and twenty-nine feet, but this might be avoided, as I have indicated.

At last, blazing and marking, and making the old stumps crack again, the dust fly out of them, and some of them tumble over, in our eagerness to make a finish, we arrived at the main road between Chatham, on the Miramichi, and Fredericton, after our eighty-second chained mile from the Bend; but ninety with windings about streams, whilst eighty additional are to be put down for our expeditions to get supplies from the *depôts*. In prolongation of our line, and towards the "Narrows" of the Miramichi, about thirty miles up stream, we saw a beauti-

ful country before us, varied with forest ridges and sweeping valleys. The sun shone bright, and we were tempted to go on, but expecting Lieutenant Simmons' party to meet us at Boiestown, one mile north of us, and it being necessary to recruit the strength of my party, and having fulfilled my instructions so far, we turned towards Boiestown.

Proceeding a short way, we came upon some children gathering blue berries on the hill-side; frightened at our wild and hirsute appearance, they incontinently fled. We then passed the mouth of the Taxes River, with a good bridge over it, and got well-housed, and our hunger satisfied, with wholesome country fare, in Mackay's Inn at Boiestown on the Miramichi.

CHAPTER VIII.

Return of the party to Fredericton—Visit the Oromoocto lake—Stanley—Expedition towards the Upper Miramichi in search of a bridge site—A bear story—Boots instead of pork—Hungry camp at the Napadaagan Lake—The Miramichi Lake—Are lost in the woods—View from Mount Alexander—Reach the Miramichi—A boy's adventure in the woods—Mr. Grant's five days in the wilderness—Partial survey of the Miramichi—The Narrows—Slate Island—The Naygog—Leprosy in New Brunswick—Proceed to Nova Scotia—Visit the author of Sam Slick—Halifax—Visit a camp of Micmac Indians—Leave for Annapolis—Mutineers of the Saladin—Fatal accident at the Grand Falls—Lieut. Wood's adventure with wolves—Return to Montreal.

I FOUND at Boiestown Colonel Hayne, the Chief Commissioner of the Nova Scotian and

New Brunswick Land, and Dr. Gem, also in its employ, and who were expecting Lieutenant Simmons out of the forest from the West. My water party arrived safe at Boiestown, they had poled down Cain's River for thirty miles, near the forks of the Miramichi, before they could get an ox sled (there being no wheeled carriages here) to take them across to the main stream, and they had been drenched with heavy rain. They came up the left bank of the Miramichi in a waggon, and were pretty well in health, and the baggage, with the exception of some of my own things, was not injured.

I brought them all into Fredericton in a couple of waggons, after refreshing them as well as I could at Boiestown with a great supper. They were considerably worn both in their person and their clothes, from the hard and constant service in the forest during the last two months, the most trying for the constitution during the year. I might have extended the work to three months, but as it was to be

done, I thought it best to set about it in earnest, "and have it over," and thus save a considerable sum to Government as well as our own skins. The party was paid off in the meantime, with the exception of Mr. MacGill and André.

I remained a short time in Fredericton to prepare reports and maps, and I record with great satisfaction the many attentions shown me by the Lieutenant-Governor and his family, also by the worthy Attorney-General, Mr. Peters, Mr. Parker, the Master of the Rolls, Mr. Street, Solicitor-General, &c. I also made two or three very agreeable excursions with my friend Professor Robb, by the thriving Harvey Settlement to the beautiful Oromoocto Lake, &c. whilst waiting to hear from Lieutenants Simmons and Woods, with whose work I was to connect mine, when I should ascertain the course they were steering.*

* I beg particularly to direct the attention of the future traveller in New Brunswick to the Bald Mountain, near the Harvey settlement. It is a great mass of por-

To lose no time, however, I prepared for an expedition to the Upper Miramichi, to ascertain where it could be crossed by a bridge for the military road, and which was part of my instructions. I left for Stanley in a light waggon, Colonel Hayne having proposed to accompany me from that place (the principal station of the Land Company) towards the Miramichi, and to make all necessary arrangements.

To reach Stanley we went along the Boiestown road to the mouth of the Tay Creek, then by a new, narrow, and indifferent road, to Stanley. My driver said he could reach our destination, twenty-five miles from Fredericton, in three hours, but we took from four P.M. till eleven at night before we saw the place, having been obliged to lead the horse for many miles in the dark, and to lift the waggon over felled trees.

phyry, with a lake (probably in the crater) near the summit. It is on the edge of the coal measures, where they touch the slate. All the Harvey settlement, in fact, is on the very edge of these rocks.

The Settlement of Stanley consisted at this time of a few scattered houses, a church, a mill, (with a dam, as usual, right across the stream, and no fish-way,) a tavern, carpenter's and blacksmith's shops, &c. It is situated on a steep slope, on the south bank of the Nashwaak River. There was a good deal of land cleared about the settlement, and the north bank consisted of valuable hard wood ridges. I received every civility and attention from Colonel and Mrs. Hayne, at their house, but as he was not able to start at once, I was obliged to remain at Stanley for two days, during which time, as it had done previously, a great deal of rain fell.

The Colonel sent to Boiestown, to direct two men with a canoe and provisions to go up the Miramichi, and to meet us at the outlet of the Miramichi Lake, below the point I wished to look for bridge sites. On the morning of the sixth of August, I left Stanley on foot, and accompanied by Colonel Hayne, who brought with him his Scotch surveyor, Mr. Waugh, and

three men to carry packs; (Archy Duncan, Duncan Buchanan, and Thomas Pelton,) there was to have been an Indian guide through the forests, but he did not appear, and Archy Duncan was now to be the guide as far as the Miramichi Lake, beyond which *he had heard* of lumber tracks, which might lead us to the main river. We did not expect what was to be the upshot of this uncertainty.

Travelling first north and then north-west, along a new road, we passed through hard wood, with good land, for many miles, but the thermometer was at seventy-five degrees, "the biting point" for mosquitoes and black flies. There was not a breath of air, we were bathed in perspiration, and exceedingly tormented with poisonous insects, which were very numerous after the recent rain. We saw several bear traps, "dead falls" of palisading four feet high, forming a square; across the entrance was a heavy piece of timber, loaded with other pieces at right angles to it, and so arranged as to

fall on the bear's back and crush him, when he pulled at the bait of salt fish inside.

A man once incautiously approached a bear who was caught, but not killed, in one of these traps. The latter got hold of the man, threw him down, and gnawed his shoulder. He at last, with violent efforts, mastered the animal, and killed it, but, faint with loss of blood, he lay beside the dead fall, unable to get away. His dog came up to him, when, tearing off a portion of his bloody shirt, he fastened it round the dog's neck, and sent it home. His wife guessed that something was wrong, and came to his assistance.

After accomplishing ten miles, we halted to boil the tea-kettle and eat. A loaf of bread and a few crackers (a small round biscuit the size of grape shot) were produced. We found that through some carelessness the more substantial viands had been forgetten. It was a bad beginning; no Indian guide, and no meat for perhaps three days, and with hard

walking, but we did our best with the bread and tea, and then continued our route.

We passed down two very steep descents, and ascended a steep acclivity, crossing streams, running apparently to the Nashwaak and to the Taxes Rivers, and at sunset found ourselves at a small Indian camp, or empty hut, covered with bark, and used in the winter as a hunting lodge; this was about twenty miles from Stanley, and at the Napadaagan Lake.

A grouse had been shot, and it was carefully divided, with a little bread for supper, among the six. We did not pass a very comfortable night. We were most of us very hungry, the night was hot and close, fleas bit us, one of the men snored terrifically, and cried out in his sleep, thinking a wild beast had got hold of him, and there was a disagreeable smell of old bears' meat in the hut. I understood we were to have climbed a high hill before we reached the Miramichi, and when I asked our guide on the morning of the 7th where it was, he said it was ten miles on our right, and this

possibly is Mount Bainbridge, so named on the New Brunswick Company's map, and from its barehead a good view is said to be had of the country south of it.

We passed round the west side of the Napadaagan Lake. It appeared to be about one and a half miles in circuit; its shores were swampy, a belt of moss was all round, and then there were thick forests of spruce, balsam, dwarf maple, &c. There were many wild ducks on the Lake, but they prudently kept well in the middle of it; otter were also seen. We should have eaten them if we could have got them into our frying-pan.

About four miles through swampy ground, with scattered spruce and then hard wood, brought us to the Miramichi Lake, which was not noticed in any map. This is a beautiful piece of water, two miles long, with a fine strand of sand, and hills about it, covered with hard wood. Finding two Indian canoes and paddles, we pushed off into the Lake, and caught a few chub, which we speedily devoured.

The Lake is said to abound in salmon and trout, but we did not see any.

Wading in the water up to our knees along the east shore, and sometimes up to our middles to avoid the entangled forest, we reached the Lake Brook or outlet, after one and a half miles of this aquatic journey. We crossed ourselves and baggage in the leaky canoes over the deep outlet, and drawing up the canoes in a place of safety, we went some distance along the west bank of the Lake Brook.

Our guide, however, crossing over the Brook, said he had found the lumber-track which was to take us to the Miramichi. We accordingly forded the Brook up to our haunches, and found ourselves in a swampy plain with a high hill in the distance. We went on by old lumber-tracks, sometimes losing the track altogether, till the guide appeared to know nothing of the country. At seven P.M. we halted, and made a rough camp with crutches, poles, and boughs, supped on four crackers

each, and went to sleep, but not very comfortably; our hunger was terrible, and it was evident we had quite lost our way.

On the 8th, it was determined to make a bold effort to reach the Miramichi. We were up at four A.M., breakfasted on four crackers and a drink of water, and followed Duncan, the guide. He led through alder-beds, in which we sank to our knees, and got heavy falls, and I was deeply cut in the right hand with an axe. At last, seeing that the guide had completely lost himself and us too, and that the remains of a lumber-camp which he found was at least fifteen years old, and all the tracks found were overgrown, I said to Colonel Hayne that it was absurd to follow these old tracks any longer, and that, as we were now evidently lost in the woods, I proposed to try and get the party to the Miramichi, with the assistance of my pocket-compass, which had done good service before.

I now took the place of Duncan, and steered

a N. E. course. Buchanan, my acting henchman, a Skye Highlander, a very willing, strong, and good man, ascended a tree by felling a young spruce against it, thus mounting a natural ladder; but he could make nothing of the country except boundless forests and distant ridges. Continuing on, we found ourselves at the base of a wooded hill, and still pursuing a N. E. direction, which I was in hopes would cut some of the supposed windings of the Miramichi; we ascended painfully to the summit, the poor men with the packs of blankets, frying-pan, kettle, &c., being in a very reduced state.

I pulled my belt to the last hole, and it then slipped down over my haunches. I sat down and looked at my leather leggins, and I thought that if we did not get out that day, they must be roasted and eaten to-morrow, moccassins and all; in fact, I was inclined to pound, roast, and eat them on the spot, having seen as indifferent fare used on a previous African expedition. All the party looked very pale and attenuated,

and yet the remorseless flies continued to draw the blood out of us as greedily as ever.

I climbed a high tree on the hill (which was granitic and about five hundred or six hundred feet above the plains below), and I saw a vast prospect of forest ridges N. N. E. and E. of us, but not an *eye* in the wooded landscape,—no water, no river. I saw indications of a valley far before us, and N. E. of us. It was a long walk to it, but it seemed our only chance of escape. We stalked down the hill, and I expected every moment that the men would give in; but they did not, though often resting. One of the Scotchmen, reflecting on our case, said, "We must just do the best we can; we've seen a good few of paths, but no the right wan. If the loads were bottles, we might do better. It is very akkward!"

I now thought that our best plan was to follow the first brook we fell in with, running to the N. or N. E.; and at two P.M., the glad sound of rushing waters met our ears. We followed the stream; the ground rapidly fell, and

our spirits and hopes rose. We found a recent lumber-track, followed it, crossed a larger brook, foaming over a rocky bed, then passed a large lumber-camp, and at three P.M. we greeted with cheers the broad and sparkling waters of the Miramichi.

We were, of course, all of us considerably torn and worn; the legs of my trowsers were in shreds, and the back was burnt out of my jacket. It had been left on a log to dry, and the men had unwittingly made a fire there. Our skin was poisoned, body and limbs, with the flies, and our hunger was raging. Throwing off incumbrances, all who had hooks commenced wading and earnestly fishing, and salmon, trout, and chub, of one pound weight soon rewarded our exertions. Hastily making fires, we roasted and ate the fish greedily before they were well warmed through, and our strength was restored. We had much reason to be thankful to Divine Providence for allowing us to escape from the forest, for if we had got

involved in swamps, and thus been lost much longer, some of the party would most likely have perished.

I was much pleased with the appearance of the Miramichi at the Ranger Rocks,—three Rocks of granite in a diagonal line across the river where we now were. The river rushed briskly, and with a full stream four or five feet deep, over its rocky channel, and its banks, clothed with large mixed timber, met the stream with a steep descent. It is strange, that though this is the second river in the province of New Brunswick, there had been no survey of it. Its rapids prevent its freezing, except in the still water, or "ponds," as the lumberers call them; and it is impossible to pass up in snow-shoes in winter and to survey it then, as other New Brunswick Rivers have been surveyed. But a survey might yet be made by poling two canoes up stream, with some distance between them, and taking the angles from one canoe to the other by means of that very convenient

instrument, the micrometer,* which has been so successfully used in the survey of some Canadian rivers by my friend, Mr. W. Logan, the provincial geologist.

On the morning of the 9th, we were up at four as usual, and fished for breakfast, catching delicious salmon-trout. The Upper Miramichi is full of salmon of the very best quality; one could not tire eating them day after day. I was taking up my axe to walk up stream with two of the men to the outlet of the Miramichi Lake, to try and find the canoe from Boiestown, and to see the Narrows, which a lumberer had told me he thought might do for bridging, when fortunately the canoe came round the point of the river above us. The canoe men said they had waited a day for us at the mouth of the outlet, or Lake Brook, and then, for the first time in their lives, had poled the canoe up it, and had seen our track at the Lake; they

* Rochon's micrometer telescope.

then returned to search for us. They had with them pork, bread, five salmon, twelve large trout, crackers, a cheese, &c. It was a feast indeed, after a three days' famine.

People are lost in the woods every year in New Brunswick; some never appear again; they sink exhausted, and their bodies are devoured by wild beasts. The anxiety they suffer before the close of the scene must be fearfully intense, besides the pangs of hunger. A boy had been lost for five days in the woods. People went to search for him; they found him alive, but with his face destroyed with flies; he had lived on berries, and was so "beside himself" with fear, that he had not thought of eating a biscuit which was in his pocket all the time. He said that the owls swooped down at him, and pecked at him, thinking his face was raw meat. For the same reason, an owl has been known to carry off a red cap off a man's head in the woods, and fly up into a tree with it.

A very intelligent surveyor and good draftsman, Mr. Grant, whom I saw in New Brunswick, was lost last year for five days in the woods of the Tobique, west of where we now were. His narrative was painfully interesting. He had left his party to explore, and missed the surveyed line in burnt woods. It was the 5th of November, it rained, and he had neither fire, food, nor shelter. Next day it snowed, and he crouched for shelter at night under low bushes, after having walked for about thirty-five hours in his endeavours to escape from the wilderness. On the 7th, he lost the needle of his compass, his hands being benumbed, and after reaching a river, he fell from weakness. He could not find a berry to eat, and fancied he saw Indians near him, but it was a delusion of the brain. Crawling on his hands and knees towards shelter, he passed the night under the roots of a tree. Having pulled off his boots to let the water run out, he could not get them on again, and his feet were frozen hard on the morning of the 8th. He crawled to the river, and tried

to thaw them in the stream; then pulling down a tall alder, he tied his handkerchief to it as a signal, and let it go again; he also wrote on slips of paper how he was lost, and sent them down the stream on split chips of wood. Crawling back among some alders and long grass, he resigned himself into the hands of the Almighty.

His sufferings from hunger were most severe. On the 9th, he dragged himself to the river to drink, and in the night it rained in torrents. On the 10th, to his great joy, he saw a party of woodsmen with horses on the opposite side of the river, but he could make no sound to arrest their attention; they went away, and he thought then his last hour was surely come. After some hours they returned, and by a violent effort, he uttered a wild cry, they saw him and rescued him, and with great care, he was recovered.

Colonel Hayne and myself now got into the canoe to pole up stream, and see the Narrows, which are forty miles above Boiestown, and

leaving the three men with Mr. Waugh to make a catamaran or raft, for their passage down the river. We first passed a wooded hill on the right, without a name, then "McDonald's Brook," and found ourselves in the still waters of "McMillan's Pond;" a capital place to haul the seine. "Poff's Defeat" was the next point, a very strong rapid, which a lumberer, Poff, had been unable to surmount. Our canoe was "set up" with difficulty, though our canoe men, Linscott and Bell, were very powerful with the pole. Then we forced ourselves up "Peter's rapids" passing upper Birch Island, next "McKeel's Brook," and so reached the Narrows. I am very fond of the Miramichi, and I like to record every name on it.

On explorations, such as that on which I was now engaged, it is very necessary to see everything with one's own eyes. The impression I had received of the Narrows, was that of high cliffs enclosing the river, and contracting its channel. Its channel was contracted certainly to sixty or seventy feet; not by cliffs

however, but by granite rocks, four and five feet in height above the stream, and this for apparently about half a mile. I examined the banks on both sides; the south bank is low, the north is steep, and consists of granite *in situ;* of course difficult to work and expensive; I then thought we must look elsewhere for the site of the first bridge which is to cross the Miramichi.

We returned to our party, and on our way down had a good point of view, at the wooded mount we had recently climbed, and from which we had steered for the river. It is in the territory of the New Brunswick Land Company, and Colonel Hayne proposed to name it after myself, which I took as a high compliment. Mr. Waugh and his assistants had failed in making a raft, which was as well perhaps, or they might have been drowned in the rapids. Taking Mr. Waugh in the canoe, which just held five, the three men walked down stream, and made camp for us at Burnt Hill.

A mile below the Ranger Rocks and near "Round Table Rock," is "Slate Island," rising ten or twelve feet above the stream, and with trees on it, thus shewing that "the ice jams" do not pass over it. Here then, as the rock is easily worked, as the island would make a good foundation for a central pier, and as the arches on each side would be about seventy feet span each, I believe to be the best site for "The Bridge." The canoe mén said that at Little Burnt Hill, beside "Butter Milk Brook," and below rapids with a singular name, "Shove and be d——," there was another good site; but though the river contracted there, the rock is porphyritic, hard, red, compact and difficult to work.

We were provided with an Indian fish spear, called a naygog; it is a singular instrument, but an effectual one for its purpose. Two crescents of light wood are tied at the end of a pole, and they open and close partially on an iron spike fixed between them, this last pierces the fish, and the half circles hold him. At

night at Burnt Hill we lighted chips of pitch pine in a small iron grate, hung above the bows of the canoe: this enabled us to see the fish in the stream. Colonel Hayne, whilst using the naygog, and being a very keen fisherman, overbalanced himself and fell overboard in a dangerous rapid, but he was speedily rescued.

Next day at the "Clear Water Brook," we found two men reposing after a night's fishing, during which they had speared thirty-seven salmon and grilses, which we saw. They had brought barrels and salt with them to lay in their winter's store of fish. It was pleasant to contrast this with the injury caused to the settlers on other rivers by mill dams, when mill "races" might do the work of a saw mill without destroying the fish.

The two fishermen were hired to take our men down the river in their canoe after their late fatigues. At the "Fall River," I scrambled through the bush, and up a hill, covered with delicious blue berries, and where I looked about for bears, to get a view of a handsome

waterfall sixty or seventy feet high. At "Kyve's Pond" and other favourite fishing places, large trout took the fly freely. Our passage down the river with its wooded hills, high banks, picturesque islands, foaming rapids, and excellent sport, was quite a pleasant excursion, and we soon forgot the miseries of our late starvation, or "the three cracker days."

We passed the farm of Mr. Boies, the founder of Boiestown, who came to me on my sending for him, bringing a rough map of the country. He was an American of about sixty years of age, but still strong, and full of speculations of all kinds; Mr. Boies' *notion* was that the military road should go by Boiestown to the Miramichi Lake, then cross the South branch of the river, and so on to the Grand Falls; whereas Mr. Mackay, my landlord, an experienced master lumberer, was of opinion that the swamp and lakes west of the Miramichi Lake would not answer for the road; therefore it is believed that State Island is the point to steer for; unless the Miramichi is bridged at

Boiestown with the assistance of one of the islands there.

This geological fact may be interesting. In New Brunswick there is an anticlinal axis of granite; Professor Robb observed granite *in situ* at the mouth of the Pokiok River, on the St. John's, and at the mouth of the Nipissiquit, Bay of Chaleur, and as I saw granite at the Narrows of the Miramichi in the line from the Pokiok to the Nipissiquit, it would appear that a belt of igneous rock runs in a uniform course across the province diagonally, and that stratified rocks, as slate, sandstone, &c. lie up to this ridge, both on the S.E. and N.W. sides of the line just indicated, and it was fortunate then that the line proposed for the military road, crossed the granite and did not run along with it.

I returned to Fredericton, and having completed my work in the field for this year, I was directed to leave my stores at the ground Falls and proceed to Canada.

About this time considerable anxiety pre-

vailed in New Brunswick, in consequence of rumours of a malignant disease having appeared at the extreme N.E. angle of the Province, and Drs. Toldervey of Fredericton, Skene 52nd, Key of Chatham, Gordon of Bathurst, and the Rev. Mr. La France, P.P. of the small French settlement of Tracadie (where the disease was reported to exist), were appointed Commissioners, by Sir Wm. Colebrooke, to examine and report on it without delay. My esteemed friend, the late Dr. Skene, gave me a copy of this report, from which it appeared that the disease in question was tubercular leprosy, or the elephantiasis of the Greeks.

Dr. Skene saw nineteen cases in all, and they presented the following appearance: the face swelled, smeared as with oil, and studded with tubercles; eyelashes and eyebrows gone; loss of voice, swellings, and marked indications of leprosy in the lower limbs. There was a rumour that this disease was first brought to the coast by a woman who had been landed from a ship, and though it is very terrible if

allowed to spread, it is slow in its progress, and is thus manageable. It occasioned some anxiety to us in the Bush; until it was known that the Lieutenant-Governor had caused a lazaretto to be established on Sheldrake Island, near where the disease occurred, and where all the lepers that could be collected were confined.

It is not generally known that recent cases of leprosy have been seen in Ireland, the Faroe Islands, Shetland, Sardinia, Madeira, Holstein, the Crimea, and Ceylon, and I have seen it frequently in the East and West Indies. I have no doubt that with the precautions which have been taken, we shall hear no more of this disease in New Brunswick, and that it originated in indigence, dirt, scanty and unwholesome diet, and exposure to extreme temperatures. The patients in the lazaretto improved under medical treatment. The principal remedies used were alternate doses of bichloride of mercury and iodine.

I now sent Mr. MacGill and André to the

Grand Falls, in charge of my stores, and to assist Lieutenants Simmons and Woods there. Previously to returning to Canada, I made a run to Nova Scotia to visit my brother, who had been in command of the reserve Battalion Rifle Brigade, and had been getting up some dashing sham fights with charges of Lancers, &c. I went from St. John's in the Saxe Gotha Steamer, one of the several very indifferent ones which traversed the dangerous Bay of Fundy, with its fogs and high rushing tides. Passing Cape d'Or, I arrived at Windsor. There I saw Lord Falkland, the Lieutenant Governor; a tall and fresh complexioned man, and I visited Judge Haliburton, the inimitable author of "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker," &c., living in his delightful country residence that rested on a bed of gypsum, overlooking the smiling village of Windsor and the Basin of Mines.

Judge Haliburton is a powerfully made man, six feet high, with a rubicund face, grey hair, and a most observing and humorous grey eye

in his head. Our discourse was chiefly on the rich dyked lands in the neighbourhood, which had yielded abundant crops for one hundred years without manure.

I had some difficulty in getting to Halifax from Windsor, as his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor was travelling the same way, and had secured all the horses. However, by joining company with Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Anderson of Halifax, I got on in a one horse vehicle, which occasioning us to walk up the Ardoise and other hills, enabled me to admire the views of the undulating and varied surface of Nova Scotia.

As we neared Halifax, the country was rocky, with numerous lakes and small spruce trees. I admired particularly our drive round that fine sea lake "Bedford Basin," with its islets and wooded shores, and passing the remains of a country-house, with a rotunda for music in front of it, where once dwelt the father of Her Majesty, the Duke of Kent, we

saw Admiral Sir Charles Adam's flag ship, the 'Illustrious,' dressed with flags, in compliment to a regatta which was going on in the harbour. Then driving through the straight streets of Halifax, with a considerable predominance of wooden houses, with churches, a substantial government house, and province buildings of stone, the whole overlooked by the citadel, I took my position for a few days in the large City Hotel.

After excursions on horseback in the neighbourhood of Halifax with the family of a fellow campaigner in Burma, Colonel Bell, now commanding the Royals, round Point Pleasant, and the north-west arm of the harbour, which is guarded by St. George's Isle, and land batteries and towers, I went across the harbour to Dartmouth to see the unfinished works of the Shubenaccadie Canal, (intended to connect Halifax with the Bay of Fundy), and to visit an encampment of Micmac Indians (see Appendix). I found the Indians occupying about a dozen lodges built in the usual wigwam style, of poles

placed on a circle on the ground, brought to a point, and covered with birch bark. Most of the men were out hunting or fishing, those who were at the lodges seemed a slighter made race than the Indians of the Canadian Lakes. They had light brown complexions, coarse black hair, and though it was hot weather, some of them wore tunics of blankets. The women, some of whom had good humoured oval faces and good hair and eyes, were mostly in dark petticoats and chintz short gowns, cloth leggings and moccassins, and were making light baskets for sale; also very handsome chair bottoms of birch bark, ornamented with dyed porcupine quills, and were embroidering very neatly on cloth with beads and moose hair.

The Indians have a peculiar drawling way of speaking. I asked a middle aged dame in a conical cloth cap embroidered with beads, what she was working at, she said: "Yayes, that is chair bottom; vayrey good, yayes. Suppose you give five dollar for him, yayes; Indian make him, yayes."

The remains of the Micmac and Melicite tribes of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, amount to a few hundreds. The men hunt the moose and caribou in autumn and winter, and fish during the spring and summer; whilst the women live in open camps near settlements in summer, where they dispose of their light wares. In winter the lodges are removed to sheltered situations in the depths of the woods.

On looking at the Micmacs, it was curious to reflect that these were the descendants of the people who at the first settlement of Chelbucto, now Halifax, in 1749, used to steal through the forests, and swamps, suddenly attack the first emigrants, slay or make captive, scalp and torture them. They are now very peaceably disposed, but like gipsies, they have been known to carry off children. Thus two daughters of a farmer who lived at Petitcodiac River, having mysteriously disappeared twenty-seven years ago, were found among the Micmacs this summer. When they were nine and

seven years of age they had gone out to look for the cows along the road, where there was an encampment of Indians. The children not returning home, the mother went to look for them, but they were nowhere to be seen; diligent search was made for them for a week, but to no purpose. All this while the Indians concealed them in the thick bush, and when the children heard the signal guns fired, and they cried to go home, the Indians said, "We'll take you home," but they took them to Prince Edward's Island. When they were recovered, they were quite Indianized, and one of them having children, would not stay with her friends, but preferred the woods, the blanket, and moccassins to civilized habits.

Wishing to see some more of the province of Nova Scotia, and to search for the tomb of an ancestor, the first Governor, and who had died at Annapolis two centuries ago, I returned towards Windsor, in company with the family of Judge Bliss. On the outside of the coach

were two desperate characters—two of the mutineers of the ship 'Saladin.' Four of their messmates had just been hung at Halifax, and these, my fellow-travellers, had had a narrow escape for their lives. The 'Saladin' affair excited, at this time, a great deal of attention in Nova Scotia. The vessel had sailed from South America, and the crew, instigated by a passenger who had formerly commanded a ship, rose on their officers, murdered and threw them overboard, but were themselves afterwards driven and wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia, where they were captured, and a severe example made of the principal actors in the tragedy.

After leaving Windsor, in a gig, with Mr. Letsom, Secretary of Legation, Washington, we crossed the Avon by a long bridge, and at Kentville reached a country full of fine farms. On the way we had beautiful views of the Basin of Mines, the long headland called Cape Blomedon, and the rich land of Cornwallis. I refreshed at Mr. Halls, M.P.P.; Mr. Letsom going off to visit the geologist, Gesner.

I continued my progress westward along a fertile and delightful valley, one of the most cheerful in the New World, and sheltered from the Bay of Fundy by the ridge called the North Mountain. I slept at Bridgetown, then passing Bloody Creek, the scene of a murderous affair with the aborigines in the olden time, I crossed in a primitive sail-boat, which a man steered with an oar, the River Annapolis, which separated me from Port Royal, or the town of Annapolis, once the capital of French Acadia, or L'Acadie.

Annapolis is very pleasantly situated on a land-locked bay, in which there is a wonderful rise and fall of tide. There are only about sixty houses in this late metropolis, which stood two sieges by the French, after its name was changed in honour of Queen Anne. There is a regular fort here, in which there was a detachment of the Rifle Brigade, Lieutenant Charters commanding. I made the acquaintance of Judge Ritchie, in order that he might help me in my "Old Mortality" researches; but I

was not successful, as I found no ancient tombstones. One piece of antiquity I saw was a weather vane, over the points of the compass, on a pole, and on the vane were stamped, "G. R. 1738."

South of Annapolis there is an interesting region for the hunter and explorer, which I hoped to visit on some other occasion; it is marked on the large map of Nova Scotia, "unexplored country." It abounds in moose-deer, and extends towards Lake Rosignol, a fine piece of water thirty miles long, and also about the sources of the Jordan, Clyde, and Tusket Rivers, where no doubt the streams abound with fish.

My next move was across the Bay of Fundy to St. John's, thence to Fredericton and the Grand Falls. I saw again Lieutenant Simmons and Woods, who were connecting their work with mine, so as to make one general map of the line of the proposed military road. A distressing occurrence took place at the Grand Falls. Lieutenant Woods, who was engaged

taking levels on the high ground on the west bank of the St. John's, one day hired a French Acadian to paddle him across the river above the Falls; they got safely across, but when the canoe man was returning alone, he tried to cut across too soon, before going up the bank of the river beyond the influence of the cataract. He was seen to strain every nerve to keep up stream, and he remained in the same spot for some time, battling against the force of the current, at last the poor fellow's strength failed him, and shouting in vain for help, which could not by any possibility be rendered, he was hurried over the Falls. Several days afterwards his body was found some distance below.

Lieutenant Woods had a narrow escape from wolves. It was October, and the first leaves had fallen, when the wolves assemble in droves. Lieutenant Woods had seen his men engaged in cutting the line, when, feeling hungry, he went back towards his camp about a mile off, to get something to eat. He stopped for a

minute to pick some balsam from a fir-tree, when he suddenly heard a savage yelp near him, and then the whole bush seemed alive with wolves, at no great distance. He fled towards his camp, and the wolves followed. His men whom he had left heard the noise, and understood the cause. One cried, "The master is devoured! I heard his dying groans—we're too late!" But they ran toward the drove with their axes, and rescued Woods, who was breathless, and would soon have perished.

Leaving Mr. MacGill and André at the Grand Falls to assist, I journeyed up the St. John's, but when I reached the Little Falls, to my surprise, André, having tired of the work when I left him, appeared before me again; but in a bad plight, having lost his gun out of a canoe in a rapid. I took him on with me to Quebec, and he there left me after his zealous services, and in the hope of another exploration next year.

I took up my position at Montreal, and worked in the Royal Engineers' Office all win-

ter. During this long period of frost and snow we might well exclaim :

" Oh ! our hearts were weary waiting,
Waiting for the May ;
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Oh ! our hearts were weary waiting,
Waiting for the May."

CHAPTER IX.

Visit the Commander of the Forces at Sorel—St. Denis and St. Charles, the scenes of affairs with the rebels —Chambly—Lord Metcalfe—Death of Sir Richard Jackson—Surveying incidents about the Rivière du Loup—The miller Silvain—An old soldier of Napoleon—Visit the Saguenay River—Chicoutami—Obtain leave to visit England—Travel through the eastern townships—Their beauty and fertility—Memphramagog—Vermont—New England peculiarities—Boston—The fashions—Sail in the Royal mail steam ship 'Cambria'—The passengers—A Yankee speech —A black squall—The railway mania in England—Return to America in the 'Britannia'—A Scotch doctor—Accident at Halifax—Author travels through Maine, &c. to Boston—Journey to Montreal—Anecdote of a sheriff's officer—Rejoin the regiment.

IN the autumn of 1844, I visited Colonel

Wetherall, the Commander of the Forces at Sorel, forty-five miles below Montreal, and at the confluence of the St. Lawrence and Richelieu Rivers. Here one mile from the village, in a country house "Government Cottage," with a good garden and fields about it, dark pine woods in front, and the deep Richelieu in the rear, lived the very estimable gentleman and excellent officer, Sir Richard Downes Jackson, K.C.B. His Excellency, after spending his winters in Montreal greatly enjoyed the quiet and retirement of Sorel; Captain Brooke Taylor was his Military Secretary, and Captain Talbot and Lieutenant Warren were his Aides-de-camp at this time.

We returned towards Montreal by the banks of the Richelieu, with its rich soil and neat farm-houses of the *habitans*, and I saw at St. Denis the stone building where, in the rebellion of 1837, the troops had sustained a check, exhausted as they were at the time without food, and by a dreadful, yet unavoid-

CHAMBLY.

able, night march through mud and ice in November. At St. Charles I saw where Colonel Wetherall had severely smitten the rebels, by attacking with his guns and light infantry, the houses and stockades they occupied across the road, and resting on the river, whilst with his main body he made a *détour*, and charged on the rebels' left flank, when they immediately scattered and fled. This was followed by the affair at St. Eustache, where the Commander of the Forces, Sir John Colborne, was present, and which, with the fight at St. Charles, tended effectually to crush the rebellion in Lower Canada.

At Chambly, with its old French stone fort, its rapids, its beautiful lake or basin, and distant mountain of Belœil,* surmounted by a glittering cross, we saw that very smart Regiment, the 71st Highland Light Infantry under the command of Colonel Dennie, and then returned to

* I had previously ascended this mountain, saw a beautiful lake, in a crater, high up the ascent, and had a most extensive view from the summit.

Montreal, which was at this time garrisoned by the 52nd L. I. and the 93rd Highlanders. Here during the winter there was training on snow-shoes, on and about the mountain, after office hours, also dinner parties, balls and theatricals, *tableaux vivants* at Commissary General Filders, and entertainments at Monkland's, where dwelt that truly excellent Governor-General, Lord Metcalfe, a man universally respected for his judgment, firmness and benevolence, who besides rendering the most faithful and valuable services to his sovereign and country even to the last stage of a lingering and most painful disease, cancer in the face, spent the whole of his private and official income in acts of charity, and in the exercise of hospitality.

To the great regret of the troops he commanded, and of many attached friends, Sir Richard Jackson died suddenly in the summer of 1845, at Montreal, and lies buried at his favourite Sorel, in the church of which he laid the foundation stone.

It now became time to take up the surveying compass again, and to finish a portion of the work connected with the military road at the Rivière du Loup, viz., to survey and examine the concession and bye roads in the direction of the Green River, and the head of the Temisquata Lake, and to ascertain if any of them might be taken advantage of in forming the proposed military road from Quebec to Halifax. I accordingly left for Quebec, and whilst halting there to make some preparations, I took the opportunity of visiting my old and esteemed friend of the Military College, Colonel Sewell, at his country house, "his sword being turned into a ploughshare."

I travelled by land to the Rivière du Loup, and immediately commenced operations on foot with a guide, who knew something of the country. I paced and took angles along indifferent roads, climbed steep ascents, and crossed a great savannah of some forty miles long, which would afford an almost inexhaustible supply of peat, though as yet the *habitans*

seemed unacquainted with its use. They were poor, but contented, and they cultivated barley, oats, rye, and peas; the wheat crops had formerly failed from a worm at the roots of the grain.

I went into the forests of the Green River to look for bridge sites, and found the stream rushing over a rocky channel with falls of a few feet here and there. After stalking over the windfalls, drenched with heavy rain, till benighted, the guide and myself took up our quarters for a night at a grist mill. The miller Silvain, had thrown a good dam of stone and wood across the Green River, and with his sons had cleared four or five acres in the depth of the forest. They were industrious but poor, had as yet no cow, and their fare, which they hospitably shared with us, consisted of barley cakes and *coffee* of roasted barley. I got a change of clothes from the miller, and as he was rather rotund and short, my appearance in his Sunday trowsers, which were very "baggy" at the waist, and reached

a little below the knee, afforded a good deal of amusement to his family, whilst his daughter's stockings, which she insisted on pulling off to make me comfortable, hung playfully from my feet as I could get them only partially on. The accommodating miller wished me to occupy his own bed, but I declined this, and slept comfortably in a loft on and in some sacks, beside the machinery of the mill, till four in the morning, when the mosquitoes became troublesome, and the sand flies, "bite him, no see him," introduced their hot needles into my flesh.

In my intercourse with these simple-minded people, the French Canadians, I have always found that when spoken to kindly and with good humour, they are very civil and obliging to strangers: they are not grasping, but social and cheerful among themselves, quite contented with any remuneration which is tendered, and often wish to decline it altogether. I returned to the Rivière du Loup

and experienced civility from Mr. Davidson, superintendant of saw mills there; I also visited an old soldier of Napoleon, Captain St. Louis, thin and upright with white hair, his expression calm and unexcited. He managed the farm of a Mr. Taché, and was cultivating flowers for his amusement, and among which, wearing a cap and blue vest and trowsers, he moved as if they were his only comrades left. He lived alone in a clean cottage, which was ornamented with a statuette and portraits of his great master.

Having asked and obtained leave to visit the remarkable River Saguenay in Labrador, following into the St. Lawrence from the north, I went there by steam, in company with Mr. Higginson, Lord Metcalfe's private secretary, and now most deservedly administering the Government of Antigua: also with Mr. W. Price the enterprising and intelligent merchant, in whose hands was the extensive timber trade on the Saguenay, Mr. Burstall of Quebec.

Captain Crawford and Lieutenants Pipon and Newton, R.A. were likewise of the party, which was exceedingly agreeable.

The entrance of the Saguenay is guarded by bold cliffs, said to be two thousand feet high, and which looked like polished marble. Inside the bar the water was from six hundred to nine hundred feet deep, whilst the St Lawrence (here eighteen miles broad) is two hundred and forty feet deep, opposite the entrance of its singular tributary. We touched at the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Tadousac which was first visited by the French two hundred and fifty years ago, when the fur trade was commenced, and it was for a time the capital of the French settlements. We continued our progress up the deep, dark and swift running river, and were astonished at the extraordinary height of the cliffs, which in some places descended sheer into the water from a height of seventeen hundred feet. Below these stupendous precipices we saw schooners (which looked like boys' boats) moored to the rocks and with their white

sails set, waiting for the turn of tide, or for wind to proceed upwards.

The highest cliffs we saw are named l'Eternité and Trinité, and then we reached Grand Bay or Baie des Has, sixty miles from Tadousac where there are now two thousand settlers engaged in lumbering. On landing among them we found that children, chips and pigs abounded in all directions; behind this fine bay there are great tracts of fertile country. We proceeded on to Chicoutami having previously run aground; at Chicoutami we saw some remains of the Jesuits: a small chapel also stood there, which was upwards of one hundred years old.

There were Indians scattered about in their lodges, who had come in with skins; we induced some of them to dance for tobacco, and an empty flour-barrel being placed in the midst, a chief seated himself at one side with a rude sort of tambourine, and he began to sing 'O da bey, o neckey a wey,' when three stout fellows in blanket coats, leggings and moccassins, and as

many boys, joined him, and with their arms hanging out like the letter T, they stamped on their heels and jerked themselves round the barrel till they were tired, two or three squaws, with their papooses hanging at their backs, also joined their shrill voices.

Beyond Chicoutami, the Saguenay is not navigable, being broken by a succession of rapids after it issues from the great Lake St. John. The lake is one hundred miles in circumference, and large unexplored rivers fall into it from various quarters. There is considered to be between three and four hundred thousand acres of good land about the Lake St. John, and in sheltered valleys near its shores. "Here," said Mr. Andrew Stuart of Quebec, "should hardy Highlanders be established, and works constructed to form a rallying point and place of strength, in case of reverses in other parts of Canada."

I returned to Montreal, and pending the order from England for commencing the great military road, I obtained, from Earl Cathcart

the new commander of Her Majesty's Forces, three months' leave of absence to go to England on private affairs; steam enabling one to go and come within that time, and to spend six weeks (little enough time after five years' absence) with one's friends ; but 'travellers must be content.'

I had not yet seen a large and most valuable portion of Canada, the garden of the Lower Province, viz., the Eastern townships, situated south of the St. Lawrence, and extending from the Richelieu to the Chaudière opposite Quebec; a tributary of the latter, the Famine, washes down gold, a quantity of which I have seen. On my way, then, to Boston to embark, I proceeded through a considerable portion of the townships, and was highly pleased with what I saw.

The surface of the country is undulating, abounds in good land, capable of raising wheat, if sown in 'the fall,' oats, Indian corn and potatoes ; it is beautifully wooded, contains noble mountains and picturesque hills, also abundance of iron ore, &c., and is gladdened

with lakes and swift running streams. The climate is milder than that of Canada East generally, and above all it is perfectly healthy and is free from the fever and ague which afflict certain low tracts in the fertile regions of Canada West.

The British American Land Company wisely purchased from the Government 1,219,000 acres on the St. Francis River, &c. When the railroad recently opened from Montreal to St. Hyacinth, is extended to Sherbrooke, and another line runs from the picturesque town of Melbourne to Quebec, the townships will rapidly improve, and I trust will be filled with an enterprising and loyal population.

I travelled in the beginning of August from Montreal to Chambly in a stage-waggon. At first the country was flat, but Belœil and Rouge mountains served to diversify it, and to catch the clouds. After leaving St. Coesaire, the country became a succession of wooded and partially cleared ridges, which the road crossed ;

a veil of mist hung on the hills, and below this there were many beautiful landscapes. Looking back upon the village of Waterloo, from the high ground east of it, we saw a perfect picture.

Rocks and umbrella-shaped elms in the foreground, sulphur butterflies fluttering about; cattle reposing; the village, with its neat church and clean-looking houses, on the margin of a lake with wooded shores: above this lay the lofty ridge called Shefford Mountain touched with fleecy clouds. Further on, Orford Mountain richly wooded, stood boldly across the view, whilst masses of forest were in the middle ground, and near us was a large farm-house; fields clear of stumps and good fences, showed careful husbandry whilst heavy crops waved in the breeze.

We stopped occasionally to eat wild fruit. "Will you stop and eat some cherries?" said our driver, for stageing was conducted in a more primitive and pleasant way here, than at the

whirlwind speed of the railway. I said to an American fellow-passenger: "This is a very fine country, Sir?"

"Yeas," he answered, "this is noble land, what you call picturesque, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Well! you'll see some more *ragged* views furder on."

And we did so. We reached the wooded outlet of the great Lake Memphramagog, foaming and tumbling in its course towards the St. Francis River, and affording most capital fishing; then the Lake itself was spread out before us, thirty miles long, with islets like vessels on its bosom, groves of trees on the eastern shores, and on the west the Owl's Head, and other varied mountain heights, clothed with forests, and where the moose deer and other game animals abound; altogether a splendid picture.

I drank of the bright water of the Outlet or Magog River, where Sir James Hope, the General commanding the Troops in Canada

East, had recently been nearly drowned; a canoe man with awkward poling having upset him whilst fishing here, and he was carried down the rapids holding on by the canoe. Leaving Georgeville on our right, a village where good accommodation may be found for those who can appreciate some of the most beautiful scenery in North America, and enjoy some sporting, we took up our quarters for the night in the handsome village of Stanstead.

Next day we had an interesting drive across Vermont, the granite state, with its green mountains, fine land, and "noble water privileges," and then came New Hampshire. Our fellow-passengers were two fine young women of Lowell Factory—Miss Sias and Miss Heath, in "shingle" sun-bonnets, who said they earned four dollars a-week, and an old man of eighty, who sang a dialogue between a woman of New England and her husband: he wanted to emigrate to Kentucky, for where they were, "the winter consumes what summer doth yield;" but when she said that "wife and children

might be murdered by the Redmen," he consents to remain in Yankee Land. The old man did not waste words, he was perhaps "calculating."

When I asked him, if he had had any sleep the night before, in a somewhat noisy inn, he said, "Some." I inquired if he had any breakfast, he answered, "Some;" and lastly, remarking that it was becoming hot, he again briefly said, "Some;" and there was an end of the matter.

At a halting place, a middle-aged American, in a full suit of black, with a black satin vest, the usual travelling dress, whilst an Englishman would be in a shooting-jacket, was eyeing a heap of baggage; taking up a valise of the smallest size, and which at the most would hold a pair of trowsers, and a couple of shirts, he said to me, "Well, this is all a man wants in travelling."

"Suppose his clothes wear out," I said.

"Then, Sir, let him buy new ones."

"Suppose he gets wet."

"Well! let him dry himself, or lie in bed all day till he is dry!"

It seemed strange that though the thermometer was at this time 80° in the shade, every body slept on feather-beds! Also, that so clever a people as the New Englanders, had not yet found out that eating hot bread and cucumbers, and drinking iced-water, made them ill. Many I saw were ill, and I am convinced from these causes alone.

At the cheerful and thriving town of Concord we got on the rail, and were carried into Boston in one of the "caravan" cars, holding fifty people. There was so much stir in this agreeable city, that I tried in succession the Tremont House, the American, Pavillion, Albion, and United States' Hotels, before I could get "located," when at the Hanover House "they guessed they could fix me."

I paid one hundred and twenty dollars for a berth in the Royal Mail Steamer, 'Cambria,' twelve hundred tons burden, four hundred and forty horse power, Captain Judkins, Comman-

der; and in walking about the city afterwards, I was struck with the prevailing fashions. The gentlemen had long hair, whiskers all round and under the chin, turned down collars, Indian-rubber "pants," (rather ticklish if the straps give way), and very broad skirts. The ladies, in their little bonnets and miniature parasols, not to be outdone, had really enormous skirts,—hoops could not have been much more extensive. However, these were the people in the extreme of the fashion: sensible folks, and Boston abounds in them, dressed more quietly.

I do not intend to detain the reader who has accompanied me so far in my Transatlantic narrative, with minute accounts of the voyages to and from "the Old Country." I shall briefly relate any matters which may possibly interest or amuse.

We had ninety-five passengers in the 'Cambria;' among others were the Bishops of Oregon and Massachusetts, Mr. Widder, the Chief-Commissioner of the Canada Land Company, and his family, Mr. Ruggles of New York and

his family, Dr. Robbins of Boston, Captain Warburton, R.A., the author of that very excellent work on the New World, "Hochelaga," Captains Chester, 23rd, and R. W. F. Gough, 33rd; Lieutenants Bowie, 52nd, L. I. Maxwell, and Stewart, 93rd Highlanders; Ensign Selby, 24th Regiment, M. de Blaquière, &c. I shared a cabin with an intelligent gentleman of Philadelphia, Dr. Scott. The Hutchinson family of New England singers were on board; also Mr. Frederick Douglas, a man of colour, who has since created a considerable sensation by his lectures on Slavery; and General Welsh, proprietor of menageries, director of circuses, &c.

We had a most pleasant passage: there was fine weather, our voyage was diversified with the sight of several ships, and of magnificent icebergs,—some like huge sphinges resting on the blue sea, and others resembling enormous cathedrals, with belfry towers attached; we had agreeable conversation and singing every evening. After supper one night, an American passenger made this characteristic speech:—

"Well, I swear I'm as happy as a clam! Gentlemen, on the present glorious occasion, sailing as we are on the boundless ocean, in a most splendid vessel, commanded by a most gallant Captain, and with the noble representatives of people from all parts of the world on board: I expect I am perfectly content and happy. It is true I was very sick; but I think I will do now, and no mistake; and what with good fellowship and good suppers, I guess we will get along famously. Gentlemen, I am so full, I cannot say any more."

We touched at Halifax; the whole voyage occupied from the 16th to the end of August, and we were only six days out of sight of land —Cape Race to Cape Clear. Till the day before our arrival at Liverpool, the passengers were "a band of brothers," when at once the apple of discord was thrown among them, by two or three wishing to hear Mr. Douglas, the late slave, speak; he accordingly began an oration on deck, describing slavery in the Southern States. There being many planters on board,

they naturally were greatly annoyed, and a serious disturbance commenced, which was with difficulty quelled.

The planters had stood emancipation songs such as this:

"There is a country far away,
Friend Hopper* says 'tis Canaday,
And if we reach Victoria's shore,
He tells us we are slaves no more.
Then haste all bondsmen let us go,
And leave this christian country, oh!
Haste to the land of the British Queen,
Where whips for negroes ne'er are seen."

But when the laws regarding slaves, (which by the way were similar to those formerly in force in our own West Indian islands), were cast in their teeth by a runaway slave, and on board a vessel too, where they did not pay for or expect to receive such treatment; they were greatly excited; fortunately, however, there was no bloodshed, though it looked very like it at one time.

* A great friend of the slaves.

In England, in the autumn of 1845, the railway fever was at its height; from the nobleman to his valet, ladies, tradesmen, domestic servants, all classes, bought and speculated in shares. Railways, it was thought, must at once supersede all other lines of communication. Turnpike-roads and canals were considered to be old world notions, and that the present race of horses would only be required to assist the farmer. I was strongly advised to speculate, but resolutely declined. Some army-men did buy shares, "burnt their fingers," and fled the country, as did many civilians. Among other victims, there was an officer who sold out of the service, invested his whole capital, £4000, in shares, lost everything, and put an end to his existence. Military men should have as little business with speculations of this sort as with politics.

The furor for railways extended to British North America, *and had its effect on our military road*, as I found when I returned to Halifax, which I did in the stormy month of

November, in the R. M. steam-ship 'Britannia,' Captain Hewitt. We had, as was to be expected, a rough voyage, but we had agreeable company; Sir Allan MacNab, with part of his family, was on board; Major Davis (by whom four magnificent views of the Falls of Niagara have been recently published), and Captain Denison, 52nd L. I.; Mr. Eden Colville, M. P. P.; the poet Bryant; Colonel Dangerfield, of Texas; Mr. Baker, of New York; Mr. Fales, jun., of Boston; Captain Robinson, R. N., &c. There was much smoking and much singing in the evening in a part of the ship called "Social Hall," and as there were no lectures on slavery, the best feeling seemed to prevail between the American and British passengers, as surely there ought. Besides having a common origin and common interests, both nations have got enough elbow-room to avoid the necessity of jostling one another.

The American peculiarity of guessing and asking questions has been so often shown up,

that I have remarked of late years that many well-bred Americans hardly ask any questions at all, and so conversation flags; but when some of our countrymen are thrown for the first time among those Americans who still practise the interrogatory system, they are rather "put out." Thus, a Scotch doctor belonging to one of the mail steamers, on arriving at Boston, was accosted by an American at the bar of an hotel with, "I guess you're a Britisher?" "Yes." "I guess you belong to the British steamer?" "Yes." The American was going on again, when the surly old doctor said, "Stop! You've had your two guesses; I'll have mine. I guess you're a d—d fool." Whereupon a row commenced, but it was quieted by the interposition of friends, and the two guessers had then "a horn" together.

On the 18th of November, we touched at Halifax, as usual, on our way to Boston; and on this day I nearly "lost the number of my mess," as sailors say. Soon after, we brought

up alongside the wharf at six P.M.; some of the gentlemen of Halifax came on board, and we saw immediately that "the steam was up" about railways, and that nothing now would serve but a grand trunk line from Halifax to Quebec, six hundred miles long, through forests, swamps, and clearings, to cost four or five millions of money, and to occupy say ten years in its construction. Whereas the Military Road might have been completed in two years at a cost of £60,000, and travelled on at the end of 1847, its length five hundred and fifty miles, the North American provinces made much more defencible by its means, (troops and the munitions of war might have been rapidly transported along it on emergency), and the country along its course *immediately opened up for settlement.* But the rail was in the ascendant.

I do not mean to condemn the proposed railway from Halifax to Quebec, far from it. I heartily wish it all success, also to the chief mover in it, Mr. G. R. Young; but as the

most practicable line for it is along the east coast of New Brunswick, as reported by Major Robinson and Captain Henderson, R.E., leaving the centre of the province still a wilderness, I would suggest, let the railway go on steadily from settlement to settlement along the coast, and so reach the St. Lawrence, but in the meantime let the military road be made, and its line settled through the heart of the province, as speedily as possible.

Sir Allan MacNab and myself were asked to attend a railway meeting the evening of our arrival at Halifax. Sir Allan went off with Colonel Furlong, 43rd L. I., and one of the officials of the city asked me to wait five minutes and he would come back and take me to the meeting. I waited an hour and a half for him, and he thoughtlessly never came back.

Thinking that my non-appearance at the meeting might occasion some remark, and as we were not to sail again till midnight, I went on shore at eight P.M., to try and find where

the meeting was to take place. The night was dark, cold, and rainy, and there were neither lights nor side rails on the wharf. I was dressed in a heavy Canadian grey coat, thick trowsers and boots, with a short Wellington cloak, fortunately only on my arm. I did not know the locality, and when I had advanced about thirty yards from the ship, and thinking I was well on the land, I encountered a dray which some porters were loading; as I passed it, the drayman was turning the horse round. I stepped to the left to avoid it, and immediately fell twenty feet into twenty-five feet water. I went down in an apparent flame of fire, the phosphorus of the salt water; as I came to the surface I thought I must be in a ditch, and I dropped my legs to reach the bottom and so to walk on shore, I went down again and swallowed a good deal of salt water; I then knew I was in the deep harbour.

I immediately said to myself "Keep your head up, your hands down, and tread water," I did so, and floating well above the surface I

shouted lustily. With the glimmer of the waves I saw a pile near, and I swam to it and tried to clasp it, but it was thick, slimy and covered with sea-weed, I slipped down it, and went overhead the third time. I quitted the pile, and trod water again, waiting for help. There was a rush to and fro on the wharf; the porters had heard me, and they called out "a man in the water, bring a ladder, ropes, a light!" I began now to feel my clothes very heavy, I thought the tide might sweep me out to sea, and it seemed a long time before the lantern discovered me; then a ladder was lowered, and I climbed slowly up it heavy with water.

I was very thankful to Divine Providence for this escape. I have had many escapes, but this was a narrow one. I believe I was the first saved of those who had fallen over in the dark; at the same dangerous place, five unfortunate men (porters, stokers, and the steward of a steamer) had been drowned there

in the last five years; perhaps they had struck their heads on the piles in going over.

After requesting search to be made for my hat and cloak, I went back to the steamer to change my clothes. I was of course blue and cold, and those who assisted me said I must go to bed and drink hot brandy-and-water, but as I wished still to attend the meeting, I went off with Mr. Chamberlain (my former fellow traveller from Windsor), who had kindly come to see me. He took me to his house, his wife made me a bowl of mint tea which revived me, and then I went to the Honourable J. B. Uniack's house to discuss railroad matters. I found quietly seated at Mr. Uniack's the gentleman through whose unmindfulness of his appointment I had just suffered. There was a long debate on lines of communication, emigration, and settlement of a new country, and at twenty minutes to twelve, according to the Halifax time, I left to return to the steamer. I was on the wharf in ten minutes having

run almost all the way, when behold! the 'Britannia' was steaming down the harbour, I had lost my passage to Boston, and was left on the wharf with what I stood in, my baggage being all on board. It turned out that the ships' time was half an hour faster than the Halifax time, hence this second misfortune in one night. But I was alive and well, and had my money in my pocket: therefore, there was no occasion "to say die."

Lieutenant and Adjutant Pollen, Rifle Brigade, who had been seeing a friend off, kindly invited me to his quarters, and I was lodged, fed, and clothed by him. Poor young man he has since gone to his account! next morning with some borrowed clothes, I went off by the coach to Windsor, intending to steam to St. Johns, and thence travel by land through Maine, &c. to Boston, to recover my baggage.

Mr. Bryant, the poet, had an escape also, the night I went over the wharf: he followed me on shore, and found himself suddenly on the edge of the wharf, when he fortunately saw

his danger, and drew back in time. On my afterwards sending a small present to the men who helped me out of the water, and representing to the proprietor of the wharf, the danger to strangers from the want of lights and rails, both were supplied.

From St. Johns, I went in a stage along the south coast of New Brunswick, through a country indented with bays, and abounding in rocks and fir trees. A way-side inn had for a sign, a red cow and a house; beneath was this invitation:

> "Let weary travellers turn in here,
> The red cow's milk their spirits will cheer—"

to wit, brandy. Fortunately the march of temperance is destroying the "red cow" in all directions, here and elsewhere. I reached St. Andrews, and after some cold night ferryage and stageing, being indifferently clad for winter, I arrived next day at Machias in Maine; here at the evening meal, I was asked by the landlord, "Will you take stewed clams, or

baked beans," and a boy came round and said, "Squash, Sir?" I preferred Indian corn bread and a tumbler of coffee. We were "away down east" in a rough lumbering country, but containing good quiet people. The unsettled Oregon question was agitating men's minds elsewhere, and a man of Maine said to me, "If England and America go to war about this, it will be like civil war, but they have too much sense now to go to war."

I embarked in a steamer at Bucksport, and on the passage to Portland, we passed along a most dangerous coast, abounding in islands, reefs and shoals, over which the sea broke. Arriving at Portland I got on the rail for Boston, but in the middle of the night we got off it, and were again in "an awkward fix." There was great hallooing and alarm among the passengers, and when we got out of the car, a small voice called out, "Come, boys, help!" Some gruff fellows answered, "There are no boys here. We won't help if we are called names: we are men."

I remarked to an old Yankee, "There is no commanding officer here."

"Oh! no," said he, "we are all Kings here. 'The Sovereign people!'" At length after many vain efforts to move the great carriage, and jumping about in the cold to try and keep ourselves warm, a locomotive came along like Polyphemus with a large eye in front; we hailed it, asked help, and were dragged out of the mud.

At Boston I recovered my baggage, and after examining there the newest and best kinds of rails suitable for America, viz. those laid on gravel, which do not rise with frost, I left for Montreal. At Troy I saw for the last time, and on his way to England, that most worthy man and patient sufferer, Lord Metcalfe: he had remained at his post, till physical incapacity constrained him to ask to be relieved. Shortly after he arrived in England with entire resignation to the divine will, and manly fortitude, he yielded up his noble spirit to his Maker.

From Troy I travelled by canal, and there were the usual horrors of the three tiers of shelves at night for the passengers to sleep on, in a stifling atmosphere. We broke the ice to get to Whitehall, where we were stormstaid, and fell into the company of chained convicts, on their way to a Penitentiary, and in charge of sheriff's officers. These functionaries are sometimes rather saucy to the higher powers here: thus one of them having captured a felon with a great deal of trouble and difficulty, took him before a judge, and made sure of his conviction. To his annoyance, however, he was let off, whereupon the thief-catcher waited for the judge, as he came out of court, and going up to him, said, "I want to tell you what I think of you."

"What is it?" said His Honour.

"Well! I think you are so *almighty* mean that the hogs would'nt eat you!"

At length we "progressed" again over the snow, by "the Red Bird Line" of sleighs, passed the south end of the beautiful Lake

George, where people spend the honeymoon, Bloody Pond, and other scenes of "The Last of the Mohicans," and were upset in the picturesque Scroon country. When we had left Plattsburgh the snow-drifts were sometimes up to the horses' noses, and the drivers were obliged to get off and tramp down the snow before them. After passing the frontier, the wind was so cutting, coming direct from the frozen shores of Hudson's Bay, that it took away one's breath, and one's eye-lids were stuck together with ice.

We thankfully got shelter at Laprairie, passed along the St. Lawrence to Coghnawaga, where the Indians put me across the river among floating ice, and three weeks after my accident, followed by an unusually rough journey, I was again seated at my drawing table in the Head Quarters Royal Engineer Office at Montreal.

The railway mania had now, however, placed the military road in abeyance, and I was employed on the defences of Canada, the Martello tower of Kingston, &c., till the summer. A

Commission for a railway from Quebec to Halifax was now appointed in England, in compliance with the wishes of the Colonists, and new surveys were directed to be commenced for this purpose. Speakers of two of the Provincial Parliaments, Sir Allan MacNab and the Honourable William Young, unsolicited by me, waited on the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and asked Earl Grey to give me charge of the projected railway. However, in summer, I rejoined my regiment at Quebec. At this time, also, all the other officers employed on special service rejoined their corps, and we carried with us a letter of thanks from the Board of Ordnance.

CHAPTER X.

The Castle of St. Louis, Quebec—The two great fires —The St. Louis Theatre—Illuminated dioramas—Danger of camphine—Fire in the Theatre—Presence of mind—Struggles for escape—Dreadful loss of life —Exertions of the Military and Firemen—Appalling scene the morning after the fire—The funerals—Suggestions—Quebec rises from its ashes—Excursions—Voyage to Halifax—Change of men and measures in Nova Scotia—American enterprise—Desire for annexation—Unreasonable complaint of a Colonist—Gaieties and theatricals at Halifax—Return to England — Re-embark for America — Dreadful winter voyage and journey—An escape from being frozen—Montreal—Conclusion.

In the upper town of Quebec, the queen of North American cities, and looking down from

its rocky site on the broad St. Lawrence, whilst extensive plains, scattered villages, and distant mountain ranges greeted the eye on all sides, stood the Castle of St. Louis, the residence of the Governor General of Canada. This interesting edifice was burnt to the ground in 1831, subsequently the Earl of Durham caused the ruins to be levelled, and converted into a terrace, inclosed with a railing, and which, from the charming prospect it commands up and down the river (in summer alive with shipping), became the favourite promenade of the inhabitants.

A wing of the old chateau still remained, also the Castle guard house at the entrance; adjoining to it was the Governor's stables, which were let to a livery stable keeper, and next to them the St. Louis Theatre, formerly a riding-house built by Sir James Craig. This was in the summer of 1846, the scene of a fearful calamity, with which it pleased Divine Providence again to afflict Quebec, previously

so severely chastened by the great fires of May and June 1845, so well described in "Hochelaga." These it will be remembered laid in ashes the greater part of the suburbs, and deprived twenty thousand of the inhabitants, or two-thirds of the population of their houses. The seas of fire raged round the walls of the upper town on these fearful occasions, when the exertions of the military, under General Sir James Hope, the Royal Artillery, the 14th, 43rd and 89th regiments were so very conspicuous, and so eminently useful in saving the upper town from falling a prey to the flames. The soldiers pulled down and blew up houses, drove before them those who still uselessly clung to their property, and saved the lives of many helpless women and children. The flames quite overpowered the firemen and the engines.

The St. Louis Theatre was a stone building eighty feet by forty, and the walls about thirty feet high; the roof was covered with sheets

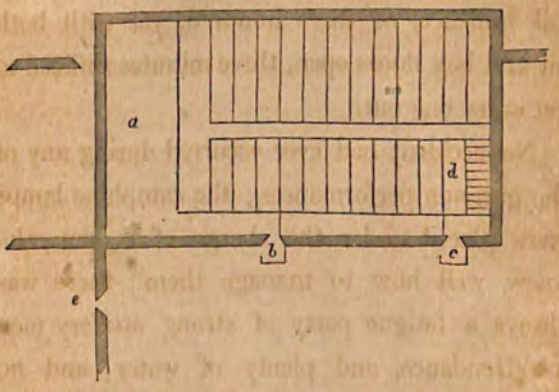
of iron; along the upper part of the walls, and close under the eaves, were ten windows on each side of the building; there were no windows near the ground. Riding-houses have not usually windows below. When the officers of the garrison were allowed to fit up the building as a theatre, they found only two doors, one in the north gable and another in one of the side walls. To gain access to the theatre, and also to prevent danger in case of fire, and give a readier exit, they got leave to make a third door in the side wall. They also suggested to the corporation the expediency of having a fourth in the opposite wall, but this was never carried into effect. However, over the two side doors the officers placed strong porches; a person dropping on them from the windows above, could easily save his life on an emergency; also below the stage there was an easy exit for the musicians and for the pit audience if necessary; so that, with the stage door, the passage under the stage, the pit

and box door, and the windows over them, the officers had arranged six outlets from the theatre in case of alarm; and whilst they found that, with the box or original door only open, it took half an hour to empty the house of a full audience, or three hundred, yet with both pit and box doors open, three minutes sufficed to get every one out.

No accident had ever occurred during any of the garrison performances; the camphine lamps were placed under the charge of a man who knew well how to manage them; there was always a fatigue party of strong artillery men in attendance, and plenty of water; and no doors were locked.

On the 8th of June a Canadian artist, Mr. M. R. Harrison, hired the St. Louis Theatre from the Corporation of Quebec, for the exhibition of "illuminated dioramas." For this purpose the pit was boarded over, and the floor sloped upwards from the orchestra to the back part of the house; a centre passage was

left as before between the seats, and from the upper and back part of the house, a steep wooden stair, three and a half feet wide, led to the box door.



a. Stage. *b*. Pit Door. *c*. Box Door. *d*. Stairs. *e*. Stables.

To illuminate his dioramas, Mr. Harrison unfortunately did not take into his employ the person who understood the management of camphine lamps; he merely hired four of his lamps, to be used with two hundred oil lamps. The camphine which is used in North America is generally prepared by distilling turpentine,

and is a very dangerous fluid to handle; it is very light, floats on water, spreads rapidly all about if spilt, and water thrown on it only increases the danger, without extinguishing the flame. The Insurance Companies in Quebec will not grant policies for buildings where camphine is used.

On the evening of the 12th of June, the theatre was crowded to the door,—at least three hundred people were present; the price of admission had been reduced to a quarter of a dollar. The audience was very respectable, heads of families, who would have hesitated to attend a theatrical exhibition, took their children to witness these interesting illuminated pictures. By some persons the awful scene of the crucifixion was very properly objected to as an exhibition, with its accompanying darkness, gleams of light, &c.; yet an aged couple, named Tardif, who had charge of the court-house, were rich, and had never been in a theatre before, went to see the dioramas solely from religious motives.

At ten o'clock, the exhibition having finished, the band played, the National Anthem, the audience were retiring well pleased with what they had witnessed, and a few young men at the upper part of the house were calling out as a joke for 'Yankee Doodle,' when a strong light was observed behind the green curtain. A camphine lamp had been upset by a boy, and the flame began to communicate with the baize. Some of the audience in the front rows sat for a short time, watching the progress of the flames, when Lieutenant Armstrong, 14th Regiment, leapt on the stage and assisted to extinguish them, but nothing could master the camphine. The leader of the band, Mr. Savageau, quietly collected his music and instruments, and retired under the flames telling his son to follow him. So little danger did Mr. Savageau apprehend, that, missing a favourite piece of music, he returned for it, and again retired in safety; but not so his son.

About two hundred and forty people had already quitted the house, by the only door left

open for them, namely, that by which they had entered the box-door; and now when the thick camphine smoke began to roll round the walls, the sixty people, who still remained on the front rows, suddenly got up, without uttering a word, and made their way to the stair. They seemed awe-struck, their silence was fearful.

M. Dupuis, a French Canadian, who was present with his wife, showed great presence of mind. When he was entering the house, he had remarked the porch over the pit-door, which door was not used to admit any one; and seeing a rush towards the box-door, he thought to try another mode of escape. Where he had seen a porch he thought there must be a door; he therefore took his wife, who was greatly agitated, to a dark passage on the left, and found the pit-door, but it was locked; he felt for the key; it was on a nail near; he applied it to the lock, the door opened, and he found himself inside the closed porch; but he soon kicked out a panel, and got himself and his wife out. Lieutenant Armstrong also escaped by

the same door. A boy, twelve years of age, named Shaw, who had taken his two little brothers with him to see the dioramas, also maintained his self-possession, and when the rush to the back part of the house took place, he held the children and said: "Stop! we won't go there and be killed; we'll go out another way." And they did so in safety.

Armstrong now ran round to the box-door with some others; it was found closed; it was pushed open and all was darkness inside: he returned to the pit-door calling out 'fire!' which cry was carried on by others. He again entered the theatre, the flames were among the scenery, though the stage was still clear. Armstrong then kicked down a door communicating with a passage between the pit and the box-doors, when about twenty people rushed past him and escaped. He fell in the passage from the effects of a light-coloured vapour, but retaining his presence of mind, he did not get up again, but crawled out of the pit-door on his hands and knees, and saw the light cloud passing into the

body of the house; he next ran for a light to the guard-room near, and got one ; when taken inside the box-door, dreadful screams and cries for help were suddenly uttered from a mass of human beings struggling, writhing and interlocked on the ground and up the steep wooden stair.

The cause of their being in this situation was as follows. A number of people were clustered round the door at the head of the stair waiting to hear 'Yankee Doodle' played; when the alarm of fire was given, Miss Brown, a schoolmistress, dashed past those people, and fell headforemost from the top to the bottom of the stair. Her friends went down immediately to her assistance, and kept the crowd back ; while doing this, a rush of burning vapour and flame caused those in the rear to crowd upon those people stooping down over Miss Brown; they pushed against the door, which opened inwards, and the whole became irretrievably mixed together.

The money-taker's table and the lamp

at the door were overturned in a mad struggle.

'*Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*'

Two or three strong men at the top of the stair rolled down over the faces of the mass and were dragged out. Mr. MacDonald, the Editor of the 'Canadien,' a stout person, was squeezed out of the mass by the pressure around him, and escaped; the rest, men, women and children, were closely wedged together, and though their heads and arms were mostly out, yet their lower extremities were firmly fixed.

There was no more screaming heard after the first burst; the helpless sufferers saw that vigorous efforts were made for their relief, and kept quiet. An axe was got, and an attempt made to knock down a partition which separated the stair from the ladies' cloak room below. Lieutenant Pipon, of the Royal Artillery, who had been walking near the theatre when the alarm was given, after several vain efforts, dragged out a Mrs. Stansfield. Lieutenant

Leslie Skynner, 89th regiment, was also on the spot, and assisted the others. Mr. Hardie, an oil and colour merchant, assisted by Mr. Kimlin, the Editor of the 'Quebec Mercury,' and others, (Messrs. Shea, MacDonald, Todd, Lepper, Back, Bennett, Stewart, Captain von Zuile, Commander of the 'Ocean Queen,' &c.) released, by powerful exertions, Mrs. Wheatly and Mrs. Roy.

Mr. Hardie remarked among the crowd of sufferers, Lieutenant Hamilton, of the 14th regiment, who had gone to the theatre with two daughters of Assistant-Commissary-General Rea, to the elder of the two (Julia) he was about to be married in a few days; that morning she had been arranging her wedding clothes; the younger sister was lying furthest out, and Lieutenant Hamilton's arm being free, Mr. Hardie said, "Assist me to get out this young lady." Hamilton did so, and she was pulled out with difficulty. Mr. Hardie added, as he carried her out, "I'll come back and try to release the other." "For God's

sake, do so," replied Hamilton; but it was too late.

Mr. Stewart Scott, an Advocate, and Clerk of the Court of Appeals, and father of a large family, was in the crush with a little daughter; his brother tried, with others, in vain to free him and the child; one of Mr. Scott's arms was actually pulled out of the socket. He said, "Save the child! it is useless to try to save me." It was a most heart-rending scene; both were obliged to be abandoned. Mr. Hardie and Mr. Kimlin were both seized by sufferers, and nearly dragged among them, and were obliged to strike to release themselves. One in the lower tier offered all his worldly wealth for release.

A little boy had previously made a singular escape. He had been sent to the theatre with a maid. She was accompanied by a young man who was attached to her; the boy felt sleepy before the performance was over, and said, "One of these big lamps will fall down and burn us, I want to go home." The young

man took him home, returned, and he and the young woman were now in the dead crush.

Comparatively few people were present to assist. The sentry outside and the policemen thought at first that all had escaped, before the flame appeared at the doors and windows, but all this time they were raging round the interior. The wooden lining of the walls (the building had once been used as a racket court) quickly caught fire, also the sloping floors and benches. Black and stifling smoke from the camphine rolled down the fatal stair, and hid the victims for a moment, and drove away those courageously assisting outside; then it would roll back, and disclose the agonised countenances of those doomed to destruction. Once a stream of flame ran down from the top to the bottom of the stair, every head seemed on fire, and they were painfully and helplessly moved about, the swollen tongues preventing utterance. It was an appalling sight! Again, another cloud of smoke, the roof fell in, and forty-five human beings, lately in health, ceased to exist.

The Reverend Mr. O'Reilly, a Roman Catholic Priest, in the conscientious discharge of his sacred office, stood in the doorway, and prayed over them to the last. To the last they were sensible. How fearful must have been their agonies!

Living at the time in St. Louis Street, I was soon at the scene of the dreadful calamity, though I was not aware at first that any one had been left in the theatre.* I saw the horses and carriages saved from the livery stables, which the fire was approaching. The bells began tolling, and the bugles blew loudly "the assembly." I worked at first with the 89th regiment, (which was quartered in town in the Jesuit's barracks,) to get water for the military engines. Colonel Walker, R.A., the Commandant of the Garrison, was on the spot.

* I was providentially prevented being present at the theatre that night; I had intended to go, and take a small party, and had got the hand-bill of the evening, but a young lady who dined with us declining to go, owing to recent family affliction, we thus all escaped.

Colonel Thorpe, commanding the 89th, was actively directing the energies of his men, and was ably seconded by his Adjutant, Lieutenant Knipe, and by the other officers.

At first there was a great delay in getting water. The fire companies brought up their engines, but they were useless for some time; at last the neighbouring wells were tapped, and water carts brought up a supply from the river. A good deal of struggling now took place between the military and the civilians, in their eagerness to get water, each party for their own engines. No blows were struck, there was only an excess of zeal. Mr. O'Kill Stewart, the Mayor, was present, and busily engaged, as were Mr. McCord, and Mr. Russell with the Police force, and Mr. Wells, the Inspector of the Fire Department.

I met Lieutenant Armstrong in the crowd, after his escape; he told me of those burning inside. I ran round to the south gable, where ladders were being planted. Some British sailors had, with an axe, knocked out a hole in

the wall, near the box door, but the opening was made too late to be of use; but those who made it were deserving of every praise. I saw Mr. Alexander Bell, a merchant, and Mr Jessop, Collector of Customs, carrying a young lady (Miss Rea) down a ladder. I ascended another, and carried down a respectable-looking woman, who was scorched, yet who, in the midst of her agitation, cried out for her bonnet! I saw a poor man near the door, who had been rescued, crying in despair for a young woman with whom he had gone to the theatre, and who was nowhere to be seen. The building was white and red with flames inside. The charred victims of the fire were in a heap inside, and the smell of roasted flesh was sickening.

A strong detachment of the 14th regiment came from the Citadel with the engines, hooks, and ladders. Major Watson, commanding the regiment, was present, with most of the other officers. The men, in conjunction with the Royal Artillery and 89th regiment, formed

streets to pass supplies of water, and by means of their united efforts with the hooks and ladders, they dragged the roof off the stables, and saved the guard house. Among them worked vigorously Captain Ingall, the Deputy-Assistant - Quartermaster - General. Nothing could exceed the devotion and energy of the soldiers; they fearlessly exposed themselves to danger from falling timber, and their clothes to injury; and it is the opinion of those who lost relatives on this occasion, that if ten soldiers had been present to assist those who so courageously tried to save the sufferers, all might have been got out.

The wing of the chateau began to smoke. I was interested about it, to preserve it, as a relic of the palmy days of Quebec. On the outer wall is a cross of St. John of Jerusalem, cut in stone, and with the date 1647. I got an axe and hewed down part of a wooden spout at an angle, to prevent the fire from running up to the roof. I was immediately surrounded by three of the corporation, who thought there

was no danger; but danger there was, for a ladder on the roof quickly caught fire from the sparks brought by the fire-wind which began to rise, though before this the night was fortunately calm, and the moon shining brightly on the scene.

I ran upstairs, with an active corporal (Garlin 14th): we found that the fire was not inside. A bold fireman, Thomas Andrews, climbing on the roof, cut away the burning ladder, and hurled it over the eaves. Water thrown on the windows prevented further danger.

The appearance of the fire and of the surrounding objects was now awfully grand. Under the black canopy of smoke, the flames rose high in the air, illuminating the tin-covered roofs and spires of the churches and buildings around, and showing the large body of military at work, the helmeted firemen and their bright painted engines, and a great multitude of anxious spectators in the Place d'Armes. Among them were those who ran about, and

who cried distractedly for their lost relatives or friends—for those who were never again to cheer the domestic hearth.

The progress of the fire was most rapid, yet it was at last got under when there was nothing left to burn. The gongs of the engines signalled for more water ever and anon; and about two in the morning, one by one they left off working, each company, unnecessarily, giving three cheers: silence was best after such a scene of distress.

The energetic magistrate, Mr. R. Symes, had directed that the bodies should not be touched till daylight. I went to bed for a few hours, and rose early to search for my brother officer. The blackened remains of the sufferers were brought out, and laid on the grass of a small terrace at the south gable of the theatre. Forty-three at first were found in a heap, ten feet long, four broad and four in height; two others were afterwards found, but mere trunks.

Generally the head, the arms, and upper part

of the body were consumed by the fire; the lower limbs being tolerably entire. The legs were twisted and distorted in every possible manner; some drawn up to the chest, others stretched out, the feet and legs in one line. In some the clothes were almost all burned off, in others the gowns and trowsers were entire. By the dresses and shoes and boots the corpses were identified. One body, that of a man, was covered with long brown hair, trunk and limbs.

It was two hours before I could find poor Hamilton. At last, with the assistance of Hospital Sergeant Radford, Corporal Rundall, and some of the men of the regiment, we recognized the remains and had them carefully removed; a lady's black silk scarf was under his left arm; his watch had stopped at twelve minutes to eleven. It was most distressing to witness those who came in search of relatives —their intense grief blinded them as they spread a sheet over the miserable remains of

mortality, and removed them to their residences, for the coroner's inquest.

Besides those already named, there perished M. H. Carwell, a merchant, and two of his children; Mr. Sims, a druggist, with his eldest daughter and a son; the wife and daughter of the Editor of the 'Canadien;' Mr. Hoogs, book-keeper, Montreal Bank, and two sons; Mr. T. Harrison, brother of the owner of the Diorama; Mrs. Molt and two sons; Mrs. Atkins and her son; Mrs. Gibb and daughter; Mr. Marcoux, a bailiff; Mr. Devlin, a watch-maker; Mr. Wheatley, a stationer; &c. The aged pair Tardif, formerly mentioned, were found among the rest, arm in arm.

On the Sunday following the fire, the tolling of the bells was heard from an early hour, and funeral processions traversed the streets all day Fifteen coffins were laid out at one time in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and an air of melancholy reigned over the city. For a considerable time after the late distressing event people could

talk and think of nothing else. Lieutenant Hamilton and Miss Julia Rea were buried in one grave, "wedded in death."

Some useful lessons may be derived from this fire. It shows that there should always be very easy modes of egress from public buildings, and that doors should open outwards, according to the laws of Holland, in which a theatre was burned sixty years ago, with loss of life. In Richmond, in Virginia, December 26, 1811, six hundred persons were present at a theatre; seventy-two perished by fire, among whom were the Governor of the State and the Mayor of the City. Last year in Russia, three hundred are said to have perished under similar circumstances. Again, fire companies should be frequently drilled, exercised and directed to act without noise or confusion, and the captains should have, and *should use* speaking-trumpets; above all things the supply of water should be ample. There are no water-works at Quebec, though they are proposed (as was also lighting the streets, which until 1849

were in total darkness); the water at present is got from wells, by introducing suckers, and in water barrels on carts from the river. This last is a very rough way; much is lost, and long delays arise.

In the West India Islands, there is an excellent arrangement for water. Large upright tanks, made of plates of cast-iron, which stand up against the public buildings, like immense octagonal sentry boxes, twelve or twenty feet high, are supplied by rain water from the roofs. The pressure of the water sends a powerful stream through the cock below, when the key is applied, and the water is useful for household purposes after filtering; for watering the streets, or for extinguishing fire. In Canada, by casing the tanks, the frost might be kept off; but even if they were useless during five months of the year, they might be of essential service during the other seven, and there is only a trifling expense attending their construction.

Though about two millions worth of pro-

perty was destroyed in the great fire of 1845, it is gratifying now to relate that with the liberal assistance rendered by the mother country, with public grants and private subscriptions, Quebec has risen with renewed beauty from its ashes, with wider streets, and more substantial dwellings, and is greatly improved.

A few days after the conflagration at the Theatre, there was another at a soap factory, when the energetic services of the military were again attested; this fire was in a dangerous locality, as there was a powder magazine within a hundred yards of it, towards which the wind blew. Some of the military showed great courage in preventing the flames taking effect on this. There was the same difficulty and delay about water as before, but which was no fault of the corporation then in office.

Quebec has the advantage of beautiful scenery and pleasant rides all round it. We took advantage of this, and after the inspection of the regiment, we made excursions to the Falls of the Chaudière, with the family of Colonel

Ord, R.E., to the Lake Beauport, with the Baron and Baroness Grant de Longueil, &c. Then I made a rapid run to Canada West, to visit my relations there, and returning by the Rapids of the St. Lawrence, the Long Sault, &c. (which it is exciting to " shoot" in a steamer, rolling down as it does majestically, with the angry water roaring and tumbling, and rushing about it), brought round the time, when H.M. troop ship, Belleisle, Captain Kingcombe, R.N. arrived to carry us to our next station at Halifax; a life of constant change. We often wished we could establish our luggage in some " old house at home" by mountain and lake, and from that make our expeditions.

Our voyage, (one wing 14th, with the 89th regiment) was agreeable; the Captain was a fine bustling sailor, very kind to his passengers, and most attentive to his own duty. We enjoyed the Alpine scenery of the Lower St. Lawrence, and got up games on board for the amusement of the officers and men, when the weather was calm. We passed through the Gulf, saw the

Magdalene Islands, also Cape Breton, (a very promising field for emigrants) and in due time anchored at Halifax.

Till we got into our own quarters, the Hon. G. R. Young, M.P.P. a highly esteemed friend, a gentleman of great intelligence, and like his brother, the Speaker, of untiring application to business, received us into his house, afterwards we moved up to the region of the drums and bugles. A change of Governors took place at this time; Lord Falkland left Nova Scotia, and was succeeded by Sir John Harvey, a soldier greatly distinguished in East Indian and in American warfare, and who had previously administered the Governments of Prince Edward's Island, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland.

A new era seemed now to be dawning on Nova Scotia. Men of energy and ability were among the Councillors, and occupied seats in the Legislative Assembly, and many admirable measures were suggested and carried into effect, for promoting the prosperity of this interesting

old colony, in agriculture, commerce, mining, fisheries, &c. The British Government fostered Nova Scotia, and the colonists depended, too much perhaps, on the expenditure for the troops, of which there were always three regiments in garrison at Halifax, (one of these, however, furnishing detachments for Prince Edward's Island, Cape Breton, Annapolis and Windsor), besides artillery, sappers and miners. Thus with such a garrison at the capital, there lacked some energy on the part of the colonists to engage in enterprises not connected with their home market; they did not sufficiently help themselves, but they will now doubtless do so, under the stimulating influence of their own leading men, and under the parental sway of the British Government. "England and her Colonies against the world!"

Yet I was, I confess, surprised that there were no whalers from the port of Halifax, and that no fishing boats were sent to the Banks of Newfoundland. There might have been fifty of

the latter, and the proprietors might have got rich; there being such constant demand for cured fish in the Roman Catholic states of Europe and America. As a contrast to this want of attention to the fisheries on the part of the worthy Nova Scotians, a Yankee father at Nantucket, who had made 300,000 dollars by fishing, instead of allowing his son "to hang about," sent him to sea and said: "Well, Tom! I made my fortune by fishing, you must now go, and try and make yours."

So with books also in the States, is enterprise shewn. The Harpers, publishers, said that a work of Bulwer's which is sold at a guinea and a half in England, may average three thousand copies to the edition, and of the same work at a quarter dollar, sixty thousand copies may be sold in New York, forty thousand in Boston, the same number in Philadelphia, &c., and James's admirable works in the same proportions.

The enterprise of some of the Americans takes another direction—an insane desire to

remove all monarchical institutions from the North American continent. This was particularly evinced at the time of the Oregon Question, when the whole region of the Columbia was grasped at; but a large portion of the American public is convinced that now, at all events, they have enough territory to manage—one as large as Europe, and that they ought to allow their neighbours to manage theirs in what manner they choose.

In talking over these matters with a New York gentleman one day, he said he was much amused by a disclosure made by one of his own countrymen, whom he met at Buffalo, and to whom he was talking about the sympathizing movement from the United States, in 1837-38. "You went over to assist the Canadian rebels in '37, what business had you to do that? We were at peace with Britain, why did *you* interfere?"

"It is true all that you say," replied the

other; "but that country on the north shore of Lake Erie would make an *almighty* fine State."

For the sake of the perpetuation of British connection in the American colonies, it is evident that everything should be done to make a marked distinction between Monarchical and Republican institutions: Canadian judges, mayors, and other public officers, should be careful to appear in their proper robes of office; and perhaps the Government may 'ere long think it right to confer titles and distinctions on those who, by their position in society, can support them. They would be objects of ambition for the colonists to aspire to, and thus they would feel that they were viewed, as they surely ought always to be, as being on a perfectly equal footing with all other British subjects, and that the colonies were really integral parts of the British Empire.

One or more representatives from each of the colonies in the British Parliament, might also serve to draw closer the bonds of union between

Britain and her dependencies; the loss of which, and the loss of our standing in the world, no really loyal subject of Her Majesty should ever for a moment contemplate. Let those who doubt the value and importance of the British Colonies go and pay them a visit, and thus learn to appreciate them. Doubtless it is the "mission" of Great Britain to hold these possessions for the good of a large portion of the human family, and for the spread of commerce, of civilization, and of religion, to the ends of the earth.

Though these measures may be highly politic, yet at present, under the mild rule of the mother-country, there is very little cause of complaint in any of the American Colonies. Some people, however, will complain right or wrong, and the absurd nature of one of the complaints particularly struck an American gentleman, who mentioned to me that he had gone to Canada West to see the plank-roads there, and on his observing to one in authority in Toronto: "You are thriving here, certainly:

you have a fine city, considerable commerce, a rich back-country, hardly any taxes, and in proportion you have gone "a-head" of every city of the Union, having quadrupled in seven years, I believe. I suppose then, you are quite content?"

"No," said the other, "we are not."

"Why?"

"It is true we have all the advantages you say; but we can't elect our own Governor."

"Well! you are most unreasonable," said the American. "Is not your Governor a good one?"

"Yes, a very good man."

"And don't you elect the other officers?"

"Yes, many of them."

"Well, if you had to put up with some of the Governors, which we have in the States, and which the Loco-focos, or the mob elect, you would consider yourselves very badly off, I assure you."

The American saw at once that some people do not know when they are well off, and he

added that many thousands of American citizens would gladly exchange the security and real independence enjoyed under the British Crown, for the constant political ferment and the tyranny of public opinion attending the democratic rule in the States.

This last is evinced in a singular manner in one of the cities of the great Republic, where a young man cannot keep a horse; if he attempted it, he would be stigmatised as an idler.

Before the winter set in at Halifax, we made excursions with friends to the Grand and Loon Lakes, and St. Margaret's Bay; got up some athletic games for the troops (the regiments in garrison were the 14th, 60th Rifles, and 89th), and I went for a few days into the woods after moose deer, with Captain Ormsby, R. A. and three Indian hunters.

During the winter, there were the usual balls and parties. One was a grand fancy ball, with a Shakspeare quadrille in it; and a theatre, was handsomely fitted up by the officers, and per-

formances took place for the first time for many years in Halifax, under the energetic management of Captain Everard of the 60th. A large brevet in the end of 1846 comforted officers of some years standing, and like some other Captains, I then got the brass scabbard of a field officer.

In the spring, I visited with a party that most beautiful bay, Mahone, with its numerous islands and picturesque shores; then H. M. troop ship, the 'Resistance,' Captain Lowe, R.N., carried us to England, to do duty in Plymouth citadel, and we experienced in the autumn what is alleged against the weather of soft and beautiful Devonshire; first of the wind,

"The west wind always brings wet weather,
The east wind wet and cold together,
The south wind surely brings us rain,
The north wind blows it back again."

Then of the sun,

"If the sun in red should set,
The next day surely will be wet

If the sun should set in grey,
The next will be a rainy day."

I was invited again to return to America, to serve on the staff of a most distinguished chief, his Excellency, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, G.C.B. Previously to embarking for the ninth voyage across the Atlantic, I made a tour with Lady Alexander through France, Italy, Switzerland, the Tyrol, and Germany, and we had then a most boisterous passage to Boston in the royal mail steamer 'Hibernia,' Captain Ryrie. On the voyage there were constant N. W. or S. W. gales, with rain and snow. The wonderful force of steam got us across; but it took us three weeks of great discomfort. Then we had a very rough winter journey for a family, through New Hampshire, Vermont and part of Lower Canada, to Montreal, in open waggons, on account of the frozen and dangerous state of the roads; and in January, 1848, as a finish, I had a very narrow escape from being frozen on returning from Sorel, whither I had gone to report myself.

The St. Lawrence was still partially open, though with a broad *bordage* of ice along the banks, and floating masses in the stream. I was told the best place to cross was at Varennes on the south bank, and to make for Point aux Trembles, (appropriately named for this time of the year) higher up the wide river. I hired at Varennes two stout young men and a small, flat-bottomed sail-boat. We pushed it over the bordage, and launched it in the current; there was a fog on the river, which looked dark and gloomy. We got to work with oar, sail, and paddle; but the cold became intense, and as we neared the opposite shore, though we could not see it for the fog, the water seemed to become stagnant in patches, and to assume the appearance of gruel,—it was freezing there.

We pushed through this; but it thickened, and we were obliged constantly to back out. The men continually calling out all this time, "Craignez pas, Monsieur! pas de danger,

Monsieur!" I was rather vexed, as I did not yet anticipate any particular danger, as long as we could exert ourselves; but it is their way on these occasions to keep up their own courage, and there really was much danger of our being fixed in the ice and destroyed. We were carried down some distance, not being able to make the Point, and at last we struck the shore. We found ourselves on Isle Therese; the men landed me there among the snow, at the small house of a *habitant*, but they refused to stay there themselves; they said, "Il faut retourner à Varennes."

As I had no means of compelling them to remain, and as I supposed that, born and bred on the banks of the St. Lawrence, they knew well how to deal with it at all seasons, I paid them an extra hire; they pushed off again, and disappeared in the fog; but, poor fellows, they did not seem to have calculaated that the wind was now against them; they could make no use of their sail, and they had one hand less on

I heard no more of them for some weeks after, when it appeared that, blinded by a snow-storm, they had been carried down the river, and unable to make the south shore, they had landed on another island, where they remained without shelter for a day and a night in most severe weather, were terribly frost-bitten, and were perishing, when they were seen and taken off. One of them had cried bitterly at the thoughts of not seeing again his wife and children; but he got off comparatively well. The other, Joe Loiseau, lost his left leg and half of his right foot; but though a cripple for life, he did not lose heart under his terrible misfortunes, and he has now taken to shoe-making.

Not knowing at the time that I had so much reason for thankfulness, I went across Isle Therese, with a small wood sleigh for my leathern bag, slept at the house of a farmer, and next morning was put across to the main land by him in a log canoe.

To conclude this general narrative of seven

years' service in America, I again took up my residence for a time at the Canadian capital, Montreal, and here take leave of the indulgent reader.

APPENDIX.

No. 1.

LIST OF ANIMALS OBSERVED, OR ASCERTAINED TO EXIST, IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

1.	Vespertilio	Bat.
2.	Scalops Canadensis	Mole.
3.	Condylura cristata	Star-nosed mole.
4.	Ursus Americanus	Black bear.
5.	Procyon lotor	Racoon.
6.	Putorius agilis	Little nimble weasel.
7.	,, bison	Mink.
8.	,, martes	Pine-martin.
9.	,, Canadensis	Fisher-weasel.
10.	Mephitis Americana	Skunk.
11.	Lutra Canadensis	Otter.
12.	Canis occidentalis	Wolf.
13.	,, Virginianus	Grey fox.
14.	,, vulpes	Black.

15.	Canis fulvus	Red fox.
16.	,, ,, decussatus	Cross fox.
17.	,, ,, argentatus	Silver fox.
18.	Felis Canadensis	Lynx (Loup Cervier).
19.	Gulo Luscus	Indian devil, Carcajou, or Wolverine.
20.	Phoca vitulina	Seal.
21.	Fiber Zibethicus	Musquash, Musk-rat.
22.	Castor Fiber	Beaver.
23.	Gerbillus Canadensis	Jumping mouse.
24.	Mus decumanus	Brown rat.
25.	,, rattus	Black rat.
26.	,, musculus	Mouse.
27.	,, lencopus	Field mouse.
28.	Arctomys Empetra	Wood chuck, Quebec Marmot.
29.	Sciurus striatus	Ground squirrel.
30.	,, Hudsonius	Common red squirrel.
31.	Pteromys volucella	Flying squirrel.
32.	Hystrix dorsata	Porcupine.
33.	Cervus alces	Moose.
34.	,, tarandus furcifer	Caribou, or American reindeer.
35.	Cervus Virginianus	Deer.
36.	Lepus Americanus	Hare.
37.	Delphinus Delphis	Porpoise.

No. 2.

NOTE OF THE PLANTS OBSERVED BETWEEN THE PETITCODIAC RIVER AND BOIESTOWN, NEW BRUNSWICK, IN JUNE AND JULY, 1844.

TREES.

1.	Pinus strobus	White pine.
2.	„ resinosa	Red pine.
3.	„ Canadensis	Hemlock.
4.	„ microcarpa	Larch.
5.	„ balsamea	Fir.
6.	„ nigra	Black spruce.
7.	„ alba	White spruce.
8.	Betula lenta	Black birch.
9.	„ excelsa	Yellow birch.
10.	„ papyracea	Canoe birch.
11.	„ populifolia	White birch.
12.	Carpinus Americana	Hornbeam.
13.	Fraxinus Americana	Ash.
14.	Fagus ferruginea	Beech.
15.	Thuya occidentalis	Cedar.
16.	Ulmus Americana	Elm.
17.	Quercus rubra	Red oak.
18.	Acer dasycarpum	White maple.
19.	„ rubrum	Red maple.
20.	„ saccharinum	Rock maple.

21.	Populus balsamifera	Balsam poplar.
22.	„ grandidentata	Poplar.
23.	„ tremuloides	White poplar.
24.	Juglans cinerea	Butternut.
25.	Tilia Americana	Bass wood or lime.

SHRUBS.

1.	Salix (various species)	Willow.
2.	Acer striatum	Moose wood or striped maple.
3.	„ montanum	Maple bush.
4.	Cerasus (var. species)	Wild cherry.
5.	Corylus rostrata	Hazel.
6.	Alnus glutinosa	Alder.
7.	Cratægus (var. species)	Thorn.
8.	Cornus (var. species)	Red wood, dog wood, red rod.
9.	Viburnum nudum	Hobble bush.
10.	„ oxycoccus	High bush cranberry.
11.	Sorbus Americana	Mountain ash.
12.	Sambucus pubensceus	Elder.
13.	„ Canadensis	Elder.
14.	Rhus typhina	Sumach.
15.	Lonicera ciliata	Honeysuckle.
16.	Ribes (var. species)	Wild currant and gooseberry.

17.	Kalmia (var. species)	Kalmia.
18.	Rubus (var. species)	Wild raspberry and bramble-berry.
19.	Rhodora Canadensis.	Lamb kill.
20.	Ledum latifolium	Labrador tea.
21.	Epigæa repens	Mayflower.
22.	Azalea procumbens	Azalea.
23.	Ilex Canadensis	Holly.
24.	Vaccinium (var. spec.)	Blueberry.
25.	Rosa blanda	Dog rose.
26.	Andromeda calyculata	Andromeda.
27.	Spiræa salicifolia	Hard hack.

HERBACEOUS PLANTS.

1.	Trillium purpureum	False wake robin, or three times three.
2.	,, erectum	
3.	Convallaria canaliculata	Solomon's seal.
4.	,, bifolia	
5.	Uvularia sessilifolia	Bell wort.
6.	Iris versicolor	Flag.
7.	Goodyera pubescens	Rattle snake root.
8.	Calophogon pulchellus	Grass pink.
9.	Pogonia ophioglossoides	Snake mouth.
10.	Cypripedium acaulé	Ladies' slipper.
11.	Draccena borealis	Wild lily of the valley.
12.	Veratrum viride	Hellebore (cow-kill).

13. Ranunculus (var. spec.) Yellow-weed, crow-foot.
14. Sarracenia purpurea Indian cup.
15. Viola (var. species) Violet.
16. Menyanthes trifoliata Buck bean.
17. Chrysanthemum leucanthemum White weed (bull's eye).
18. Pyrola rotundifolia } Winter green.
19. ,, umbellata }
20. Trientalis Americana Chick winter green.
21. Oxalis acetosella Wood sorrel.
22. Aralia hispida Bristly aralia.
23. ,, racemosa Sarsaparilla.
24. Prunella Pennsylvanica All heal.
25. Epilobium angustifolia Fire weed, willow herb.
26. Gnaphalium margaretaceum Pearl-flowered life everlasting.
27. Thalictrum dioicum Meadow rue.
28. Fragaria Virginica Strawberry.
29. Apocynum androsæmifolium Indian hemp (dog-bane).
30. Eupatorium perfoliatum } Boneset.
31. ,, verticillatum }
32. Linnæa borealis Twinflower.
33. Dalibarda repens Spice root.
34. Coptis trifolia Gold thread.
35. Sanguinaria Canadensis Blood root.
36. Erythronium Americanum. Dog-tooth violet.

37. Carex (var. species) Sedge.
38. Juncus (var. species) Rush.
39. Lichen (var. species) Lichen.
40. Filix (var. species) Fern.
41. Lycopodium (var. sp.) Clubmoss.
42. Gaultheria procumbens } Tea berry, winter green.
43. „ hispidula }
44. Sphagnum palustre Sphagnum.
45. Eriophorum capitatum Cotton weed.
46. Solidago altissima Golden rod.
47. Nuphar advena Yellow water lilly.

No. 3.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

IN THE

MICMAC LANGUAGE.

Noorch enen waa-soke a-bin, chip-took, tal-wee-sin me-ga-day-de-mak. Waa-soke te-lee-daa-nen chip-took igga-nam-win oo-la ne-moo-lek naa-de-la-tay-se-nen. Naa-tel waa-soke ai-ǩeek chip-took ta-lee-ska-doo-lek ma-ga-mi-guek ay-e-mek. Tel-la-moo koo-be-na-gal es-me-a-gul opch nega-atch kees-kook ig-ga-nam-win ne-loo-nen. Ta-lee a-bik-chik-ta-kaa-chik wa-gai-nee-na-met-nik elk-kɐel nees-kaam a-bik-chik-too-in el-wa-wool-

ti-jeck. Mel-kee-nin maach win-chee-gul mook-ta-gaa-lin kees-e-na-waam-kil win-chee-gul ko-qui-ak too-ack-too-in.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

IN THE

MILICETE LANGUAGE.

Me-tox-sen'a spum-keek ay-e-en sa-ga-mow-ee tel-mox-se'en tel-e-wee-so-teek. Cheep-tooke wee-chey-u-leek spum-keek taun e-too-chee-sauk-too-leek spum-a-kay-e'en. Too-eep-nauk-na-meen kes-e-kees-skah-keel wek-a-yeu-leek el-me-kees-kaak keel-mets-min a-woo-lee. Ma-hate-moo-in ka-tee a-le-wa-nay-ool-te'ek el-mas we-chee-a-keel me-koke-may-keel ne-ma-hate-hum-too-moo-in.

THE END.

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